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Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 20, 1975 75 CENTS

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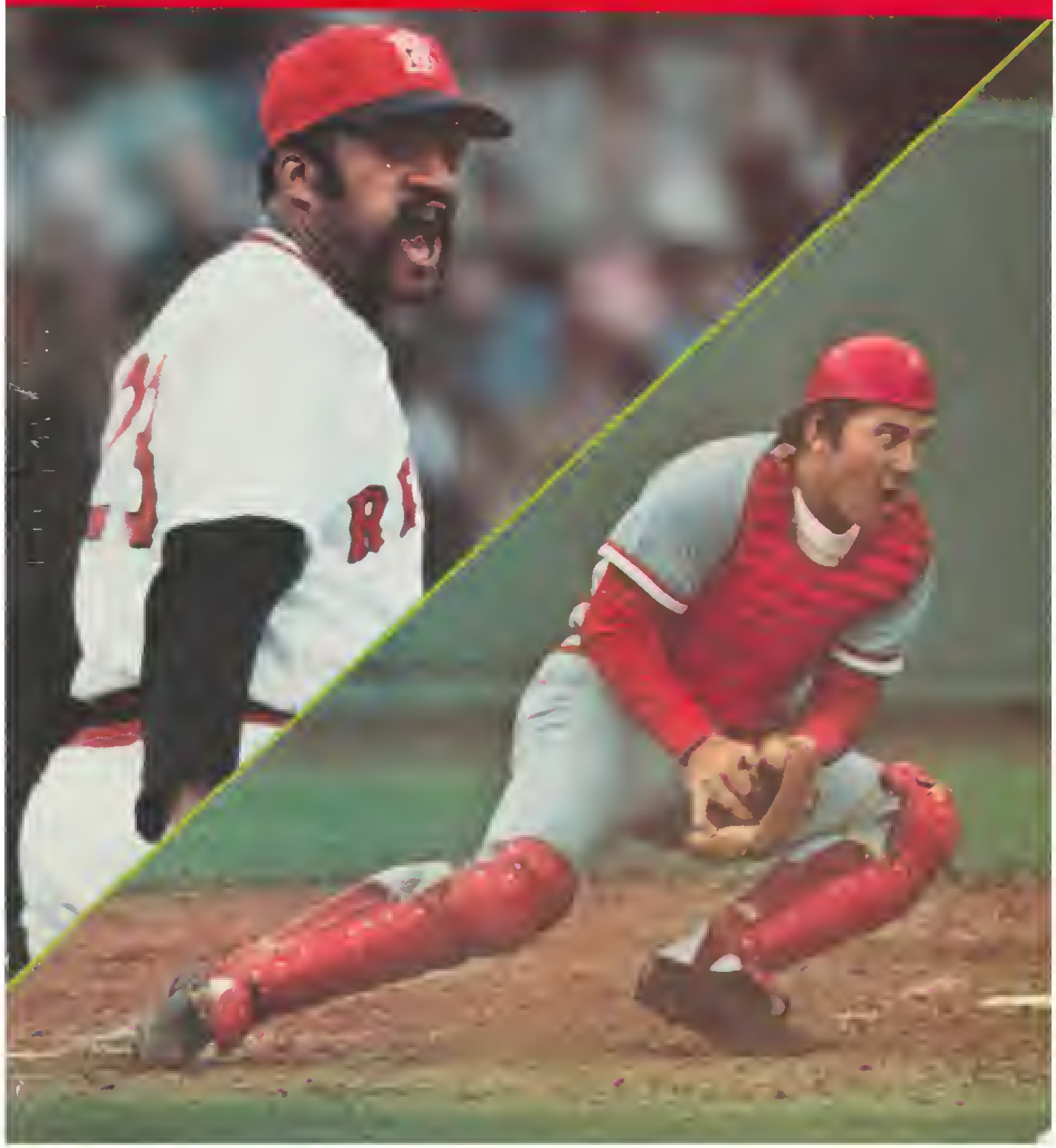

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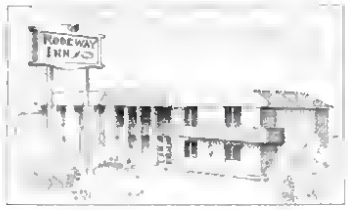

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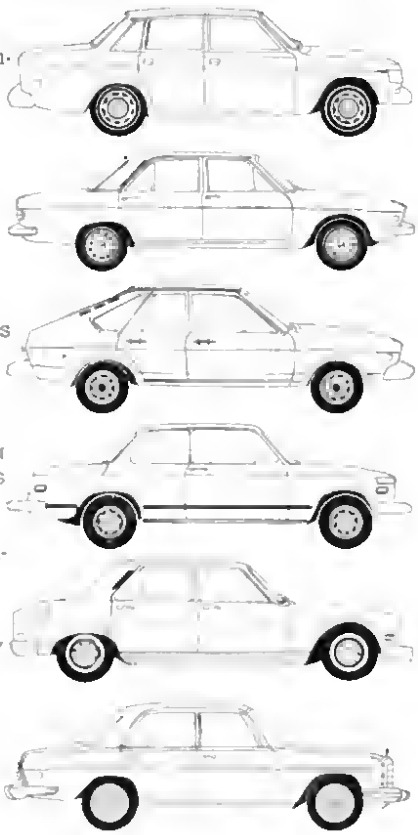

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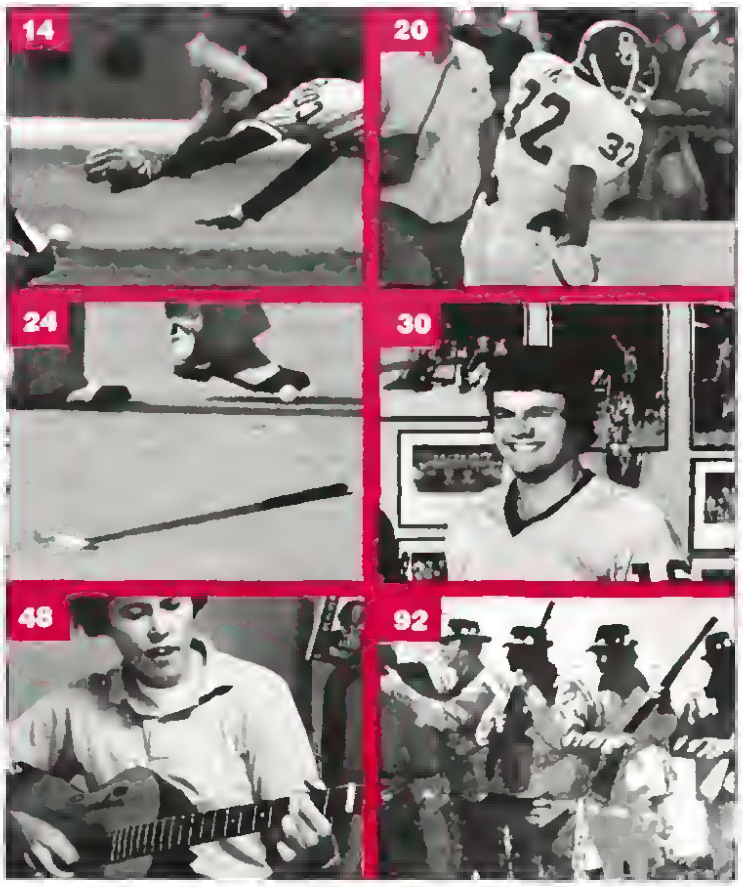

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FIRST TIPOFF on pro basketball. A lot of big talent, starting with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, has moved around. Jerry Kirshenbaum portrays George McGinnis, the superstar who switched leagues, and Pat Putnam and Curry Kirkpatrick assess the changes as well as the status quo in scouting reports. In addition there is coverage of the *World Series, Davis Cup and Pan-Am Games*

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

BOB BROWN: FROM PORSCHES TO PUCKS

Don't let the goalie mask on Senior Editor Bob Brown's desk mislead you. He has never worn one in his life. But as the man responsible for putting together SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual special report on hockey that begins on page 30, he can tell you a lot about the Stanley Cup, icing the puck and Derek Sanderson's mustache. He can even reel off the divisional alignments in the NHL, and league President Clarence Campbell probably can't do that yet. Still, Brown is modest about his hockey prowess, and properly so. He describes his skating style as "weak-ankled."

It is the other piece of headgear on his desk, a racing helmet, in which Brown feels most at home. He was one of those kids who spent all his afterschool hours with his head tucked under a chassis.

"My first car?" says 34-year-old Brown, who is finishing his first year as an SI editor. "It was a '49 Mercury, one of those James Dean memorial *Rebel Without a Cause* models." A few years later, while he was an English and journalism major at Syracuse, Brown would slip off and drive his Porsche 1600 in semilegal amateur races. "Naw, I never won anything," he says. "I wasn't much good."

In 1966 Brown was hired by *Car & Driver* magazine in a manner that would have brought tears to Horatio Alger's eyes. He walked into the office and requested a job. The publisher looked over the applicant. "Can you write?" "Yes," came the reply. "Can you write *fast*?" Two weeks and 144 pages of the magazine's annual buyer's guide later, Brown had proved that he indeed could write—and fast. He stayed at *Car & Driver* for eight years, the last four as editor-in-chief. During his tenure, the magazine's circulation jumped by 50%.

So what is auto enthusiast Brown doing editing stories about such disparate sports as hockey, hunting, fishing and swimming? "I was tired of cars," he says. "And even while I was spending most of my time racing and reporting on autos, I kept up to date in all sports."

Brown has always been a hockey fan; now he is an avid one. "I can get from my house to the Nassau Coliseum in 15 minutes. You might say I'm an Islanders' fan by convenience. And if you hang a quick right coming out of the game, you can catch the last two races at Roosevelt Raceway."

When not at hockey games, Brown swims, fishes and practices midwifery. Last summer he cajoled and assisted his 2-year-old Airedale, Tuppence, while she gave birth to seven pups.

Last month, Brown took a brief turn as motor sports editor, and it prompted reminiscences of a cross-country car trip he once made that ended in Long Beach. He claims to be part owner of the third-fastest time ever recorded in the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Race: 37 hours, 26 minutes. That comes out to a rather illegal average of 82.7 mph.

These days Brown tamely motors around in an Opel Manta or Volvo wagon. His racing days are over. But there may be someone to carry on the family tradition. His 3-year-old son Nathaniel says he wants to be a racing driver. Yet there's always the chance that Nathaniel will change his mind. After all, he has yet to make one of those leisurely drives to Nassau Coliseum to watch hockey.

Jack Mayer

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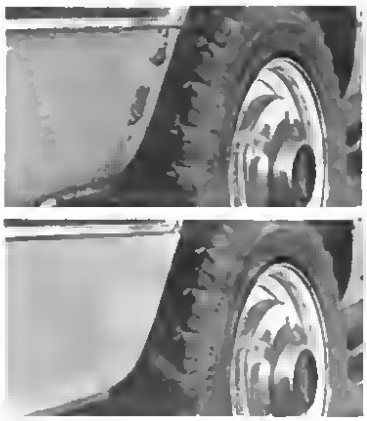

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BOOKTALK

by JOSEPH CARROLL

IT'S NOT JEEVES, BUT WODEHOUSE, OLD SPORT JOLLY WELL DONE, SPLENDID FUN

Students of the canon will remember a Wodehouse character named Albert Peasemarch in *The Luck of the Bodkins*. He is a ship's steward, and a social critic of strong views and an entertaining way of stating them "If you ask me," he says of England's public schools, "they don't learn the little perishers nothing" P B Shelley of Eton might well have agreed with him, but P G Wodehouse of Dulwich would have given him an argument (Make that Sir Peegee He was knighted shortly before his death last February) Dulwich is a school in a part of London also called Dulwich; in Wodehouse's young day it was practically out in the country, and it still retains a certain village charm. He was a pupil there around the turn of the century, happy with all he learned. He learned how to play cricket and rugby football with skill enough to earn his school colors in both games He learned how to write Latin verse, but sensed early on that the market for it was shrinking and that English fiction would go down better with the crowd.

His first book, a novel called *The Pothunters*, was published in 1902 when he was 20 Its setting is a public school and its plot has a lively, though not exclusive, sports interest It has been back in print since 1972, when it was reissued in England by Souvenir Press, along with four other books from the same period—three novels and a collection of short stories Titles *A Prefect's Uncle*, *The Head of Kay's*, *The White Feather* and *Tales of St. Austin's* They can be bought at the British Book Center, 153 East 78th Street, N.Y.C or ordered through any large bookstore ($4.95 apiece) All appeared originally in magazines for boys. These are diverting works in their own modest right, and for unnumbered admirers have a kind of retroactive merit in the hint they hold of the great comic writer Wodehouse was to become.

The school stories were written to the formulas of the market Wodehouse was out to crack But he was convinced, having been a schoolboy so recently himself, that the lads who read the magazines were not the backward lot the publishers took them to be A kindly young man, he wanted to please everybody and hoped that if he played his cards right the cloth heads among the subscribers might not even notice how well he wrote Besides, he liked the formulas himself, a liking he shared with old pros like Shakespeare and Dickens He knew that every school sto-

ry must have at least one set piece describing a game or contest. In *The Pothunters* the requirement is generously met. It opens with boxing matches at the annual public schools competitions at Aldershot, the military training center in Hampshire. The bout in which a main character of the story is a contestant is reported in all the detail the fight fan craves, missing no body blow or uppercut. In a later chapter the same detailed attention is given to an intramural track meet, known at English schools as the Sports, almost as though there were no other. Another staple of the formula is the Unjust Accusation. Wodehouse gives this one the works: the school's athletic trophies are stolen from their display places, a schoolboy is wrongly suspected, and the main business of the story is to track down the culprit and get the cups back—hence *The Pothunters*.

In *The White Feather* another chestnut is polished up: the Coward Redeemed. A boy runs out on a fight between town roughnecks and his schoolmates and so is sent to Coventry. He secretly takes boxing instructions from a pro and eventually wins a championship match for the school at Aldershot.

Here and there in these and other early stories, a touch of gentle derision begins to show between the lines. Wodehouse the parodist is getting restive. If a chap is stuck with a formula, why not get some fun out of it? In 1909 came *Mike*, which George Orwell long afterward called "perhaps the best light school story in the English language." It is here that Psmith makes his first appearance, the initial P silent as nothing else about him is silent. He even had his monocle then, and the devious mind that makes him a pleasure to follow through all the rannygazoo of the later novels when he is, in a manner of speaking, grown up. The games are not shortchanged. Mike Jackson, the hero, is a champion cricketer, from a family of champion cricketers. When his father, displeased by Mike's poor showing as a scholar, transfers him to a smaller school, Mike in pique refuses to play cricket at all. It is at the second school that he meets Psmith, who is also boycotting athletics of any kind. The pair of them are eventually brought to see—a bow to the formula—that it is wrong to Let the Side Down. The whisper flies round the clubs: Psmith is an athlete. Psmith of the Drones Club who has been known to wear lavender gloves? You must be joking, laddie. No, dash it, he plays cricket and jolly well, too.

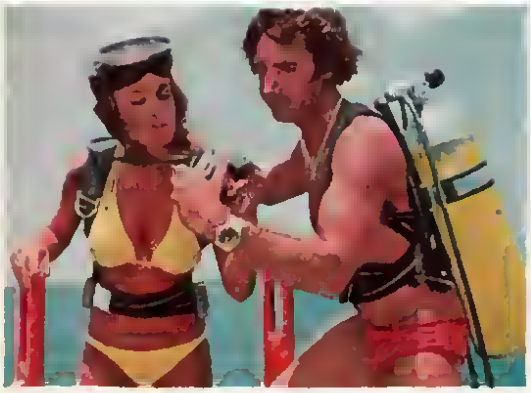
Mike was reissued in England by Herbert Jenkins in 1953, in two separate volumes: *Mike at Wrykyn* and *Mike and Psmith*. With luck, prowlers of secondhand stores might pick them up under the usual nondescript heaps.

The cricket sequences are splendidly baffling. Disaster lurks at silly mid-on, and here and there a batsman is yorked. And yet to the educated ear something is missing: nobody ever seems to bowl a googly. It's almost a dereliction of duty for the man who made fond use of boomps-a-daisy and tinkerty-tonk to pass up a nice nutty word like googly.

All of these works are also perhaps marred a little by the jingo spirit of their era and an occasional Kiplingesque haughtiness toward lesser breeds without the law. But who reads Sir Peegee for guidance on politics or sociology? He was 93 when he died. How sad that the gallant old cricketer did not reach his century. END

"Don't go down dere, mon," our guide said, "in de Bermuda Triangle you never be seen again."

"In the eerie darkness of the old wreck, we felt it . . . some sinister force . . . unseen, unknown and we were in its grip.



"The 'Bermuda Triangle' fascinated Sari and me. So we decided to explore the mysteries of this 440,000 square mile area whose apexes are Bermuda, Miami and San Juan. Why, for example, had 60 ships and 40 planes vanished without a trace in the past 50 years?

"We found one of the 'Triangle's' victims. When we left it, a powerful current made it nearly impossible to surface. Somehow we broke its grip and what seemed like an evil spell. Back on board ship our guide had another warning: 'De Debbil let you get away dis time, but soon or late he get you, sure.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

GAMES AND FUN

Studies of Little League baseball and football have been cropping up around the country, with interesting if generally inconclusive results. Although a third of the parents questioned in one survey said their sons were too excited to eat or sleep normally after a Little League baseball game, scientific measurement of sweating response—as a precise indicator of emotional stress—showed that the boys were no more stimulated by a formal Little League game than they were by softball games played in school during phys ed classes. But another test, in which portable devices taped to the youngsters' bodies recorded heart rates during a game, revealed that pulses became most rapid when the players were at bat: since the boys claimed they did not feel nervous when they were batting, the researchers suggested that the cheering of parents and other spectators, for or against the batter, had an influence on heart rate. This indication that the Little League environment causes emotional reaction counteracts the sweating-response findings and brings us back to square one.

Replies to questionnaires on Little League football, distributed to coaches, parents and players in Utah and New Mexico, reflected the special interests of those queried. The Little League coaches were nearly unanimous in describing themselves as fair and knowledgeable and in saying that the most valuable aspects of the program were learning the game, conditioning and teamwork. But high school coaches said their Little League counterparts were generally unqualified, if well-meaning, and failed to teach "good fundamentals." Parents said their own feelings and reactions had no effect on their sons and declared rather sanctimoniously that the principal benefits of the program were teamwork, knowledge of the game, sportsmanship, fitness, fun and discipline.

The kids themselves said their coaches knew football, were good teachers and worked hard, but 41% also complained that the coaches yelled too much and 36% added that they were poor losers or poor examples. When asked why they played, most of the boys answered, simply, "To have fun." Significantly, almost three-quarters of them said they would rather see action with a losing team than sit on the bench with a winner.

ONE-SIDED

Carnegie-Mellon University of Pittsburgh is not one of the nation's basketball powers, and no wonder. Workmen *laying a new floor in Carnegie-Mellon's* basketball court sensed that something was wrong with the center circle. They took a few measurements and found they were right—the circle was four feet off center to one side of the court. When he was told about it, former Athletic Director Raymond Haynes said the sideslip must have occurred that time they put the new backboards in. And when was that? Well, 12 years ago.

And you wonder why *your* jump shot keeps going off to one side. . . .

WOODY'S CHILDREN

When Colorado Coach Bill Mallory elected to go for one point and a tie against Oklahoma a couple of weeks ago, instead of gambling for two and an upset victory, the kick failed, Colorado lost and Mallory locked the press out of the dressing room after the game.

When Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler was criticized after his heavily favored Wolverines were held to successive ties by Stanford and Baylor, Schembechler reacted by saying he didn't care what the fans thought.

When North Carolina State Coach Lou Holtz saw a jogger running on the track around the football field while his team was practicing, he called the campus police and had the jogger, who turned out to be a North Carolina State math professor, ejected because, Holtz said, he might have been a spy for a rival college.

Is it no more than coincidence that all three of these irascible gentlemen were once assistants to Woody Hayes at Ohio State?

THIRD IS FIRST

Traditionally, third base is called the hot corner, presumably because of the plethora of line drives, blistering grounders and hard-sliding base runners that seem always to be cluttering up that section of the diamond. One would appear justified in assuming that third basemen lead shaky, precarious lives, but the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company says it is not so. The insurance statisticians report that a study comparing major league

baseball players with males in the general population indicates, first, that ballplayers have significantly longer lifespans and, second, that third basemen live longer than all other ballplayers. Shortstops, Met Life says sadly, have the shortest life-span, although it is still longer than that of the average fan.

The insurance statisticians also sought a relationship between batting averages and longevity. After 1901—the beginning of the so-called modern era of baseball—the differences are slight, but for those who played ball in the dark ages of the 19th century the word was clear: hit to live. Those who were .300 hitters back then had a mortality ratio 12% below the

continued

general population's, whereas clods who batted under .200 were 9% higher.

This probably means that if your grandfather was a third baseman, you'd better start showing him more respect. He may outlive you, and he probably still can outhit you.

SINGIN' THE BLUES

Maybe it has slipped your mind, but everybody in Boston, including Red Sox fans, remembers that it was the Chicago Black Hawks who eliminated the Boston Bruins from the Stanley Cup playoffs last spring. Which serves to explain why Filene's, the big Boston department store, slashed the price of its toy Boston Bruins bear, which was bedecked with Bruin colors and logo. The little bears have tiny music boxes inside and a wind-up key in the back. Wind up these bears and the tune that comes out is, "Chi-cago, Chi-cago, that toddlin' town. . . ."

BUCKLES AND BOWS

Everybody seems to be having trouble with stadiums lately. A Candlestick Park too quickly becomes obsolescent, a Superdome in New Orleans costs too much, a Rich Stadium is built in Buffalo only after bitter dispute. Now Orlando's Tangerine Bowl has the bends.

In 1972 the Orange County Civic Facilities Authority decided to expand the ancient 17,000-seat T Bowl to a more modern 51,000-seat stadium that might attract a National Football League franchise. But there was more talk than action, and Tampa, 80 miles away, landed the NFL team instead. Last year, with the stadium still unchanged, the infant World Football League put a club in Orlando. The Blazers played well but drew poorly, had front-office problems and left as abruptly as they arrived.

At that point Orange County finally began work on the long-proposed expansion, as though to say, "We may not have a team but, look, we *do* have a stadium." Construction proceeded until recently, when people noticed that new steel beams supporting one end of the arena were distinctly bowed. Amid a chorus of denials of responsibility from architect, contractor, steelwork designer and others, a consulting firm was hired. Their report verified the bowing of the beams and cited 30 structural faults, including shaky stairways and inadequate bracing. The problems are correctable, engineers say, but how long will it take and how much will it cost?

Poor Orlando, without a pro football team to its name and with December's Tangerine Bowl game in jeopardy. Yet one local man, either an incurable optimist or a total cynic, sees it all as a great opportunity. Aware of the hordes of tourists that come to Orange County to visit Disney World, he proposes that the T Bowl's troubles be widely publicized. After all, he says, if a leaning tower in Pisa can draw crowds, why not a sagging stadium in Orlando?

HOGGING THE NEWS

The pig those Florida high school boys adopted as a mascot and which they said they planned to have as the main course at a postseason dinner (SCORECARD, Oct. 13) has gained supporters of its own. Eating the pig, its fans say, is a terrible idea, barbaric, possibly un-American. A Cleveland disc jockey named Larry Morrow talked of organizing a pignapping that would save the animal from its barbecued future, and he later offered football Coach Tom Sargent $200 for Big Red. Morrow spoke of stashing the animal on Larry Csonka's Ohio farm, since no clear-thinking Florida high school football player would try to get a pigskin, even with pig inside, away from Csonka.

Other, less imaginative, critics complained to the school, and principal Donald Linton came under pressure to do something about the pig. Four state legislators offered to give the team a barbecue if they would spare Big Red. That idea fell through when Linton asked what they planned to eat at their barbecue. He added that there was nothing he could do about keeping the players from having the pig for dinner. After all, he pointed out with impeccable logic, they had paid for it with their own money.

NONWINNER AND STILL CHAMP

The eighth race at Belmont last Friday, the Firethorn, was an ordinary $20,000 allowance open to "3-year-olds and upwards which have not won $6,600 three times over a mile since April 26. . . ." Such complex conditions, common in racing, are designed to bring together horses of roughly the same class, but sometimes a loophole lets a trainer slip a superior horse into an inferior race, which is what happened in the Firethorn. LeRoy Jolley, trainer of Foolish Pleasure, was casting about for something his colt could use as a tune-up before going to California for the $350,000 National Thoroughbred Championship on Nov. 1. Even though Foolish Pleasure had earned more than $711,000 this year and was only a few thousand short of $1 million for his career, he had won only twice since April 26—the $125,000 Kentucky Derby in May and the $350,000 match race against ill-fated Ruffian in July. Under the conditions, he was eligible for the Firethorn and was duly entered. It looked like a soft touch for the Derby winner.

But nothing is easy. Danny Lopez, trainer of the good 4-year-old handicap horse Stonewalk, also had noticed the Firethorn. Stonewalk had earned $186,405 this year and nearly half a million in his career, but he, too, had won only two big races since April 26. Lopez entered him and then discovered that Stonewalk would be going against Foolish Pleasure. He tried to have his horse scratched, but it was too late. The two stars went at it, their class showing as they left the field 10 lengths behind, and the easy outing turned into an all-out stretch duel, with Stonewalk, to Jolley's chagrin, beating Foolish Pleasure by a nose.

Jolley's colt did pick up $4,400 for finishing second, which edged him over the $1 million mark, but the trainer wasn't so sure now about sending him to California. Maybe Jolley should keep Foolish Pleasure at Belmont and look around for another race for horses "which have not won $6,600 three times since April 26." He's still eligible.

THEY SAID IT

- Tony Mason, University of Cincinnati football coach, facing Tulsa with several of his key players injured: "You think I'm not worried? Last night I called my wife 'Ralph.' "
- John McKay, USC football coach, on artificial turf: "We think of it as fuzzy concrete."
- John Agunga, African witch doctor, consulting his baboon bones to determine why the Baltimore Orioles lost the race in the American League East despite his spells: "Publicity! They lost because they turned coming to me into a publicity gimmick. Witchcraft works only by stealth."

END

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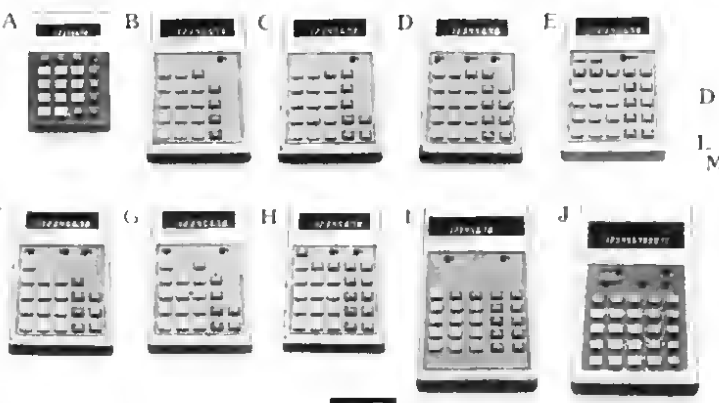

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 20, 1975

REACHING OUT FOR THE SERIES

Soggy though the Hub was, Boston and Cincinnati set it asizzle as Luis Tiant maulad the Rads and then the visitors came snarling back to take a 3–2 thriller

by RON FIMRITE

GAME 1

In a game that stresses individual talents, it is virtually impossible to explain how an entire team can suddenly, explosively, get hot. Baseball players do not block for one another; they do not set each other up for goals or baskets or kill-shots; they do not exchange batons. They are seldom exposed to locker-room orations on the imperatives of winning one for the Gipper. They stand alone at their positions and at bat, drawing nothing more from their comrades than verbal encouragement. And yet baseball teams are more given to streaks, hot and cold, than those in any other sport. And there is simply no explaining this.

No one anywhere had been hotter lately than the Boston Red Sox. No, "hot" is not really the word. "Incandescent," maybe, "brilliant," surely, or even "radiant," or "luminous." And those blinded by their light could only blink in wonder. Pete Rose, the flower of Cincinnati and a man rarely lacking in elucidative skills, was one such blinking victim after the Red Sox shut out his Reds 6–0 in this opening game of the 1975 World Series.

"We'd hit the ball hard and they'd catch it," he said, bewildered. "They'd hit it hard and it would fall in."

"You open the door," said Rose's equally befuddled colleague Johnny Bench, "and they score runs."

Or more to the point, you open the gates of Fenway Park and they score runs, particularly behind Luis Tiant's pitching. In a ball park so snug that for most pitchers it is the stuff that nightmares are made of, Tiant has been unbeatable for a month. His win in the Series opener was his fifth in succession at Fenway, and he had not allowed an earned run in 36 innings. The smart, experienced, hard-hitting Reds were no more successful at solving his baffling assortment of off- and on-speed pitches than the smart, experienced, hard-hitting Oakland A's had been before them in the American League playoffs.

Tiant, however, is but one of a trio of Red Sox ancients who have found youth and inspiration in the pressure cooker of postseason play. The Red Sox are definitely a young team, but the over-30s—Tiant, Carl Yastrzemski and Rico Petrocelli—lighted their way Saturday. Both Yaz and Rico endured subpar regular seasons, partly because of illness and injury. Yaz played much of the year with a sore shoulder and Petrocelli's career was imperiled by an inner-ear ailment that has affected his balance. But aching and dizzy, they were at their finest in the Series opener, driving in runs at bat and preventing them in the field.

It appeared for a while that the game might not be played. It was a gray, damp, drizzly day and rain fell softly on the 35,205 in Fenway and the 50 or more perched on billboards outside it. But the rain never fell hard enough to stop play. And once the game was under way, it looked as if neither team would score, so taut was the pitching by Tiant and Cincinnati's Don Gullett. The Red Sox threatened frequently, but they were as frequently repelled by the outstanding Reds defense. In the first, Fred Lynn, the boy wonder centerfielder, got an infield single with Dwight Evans on second

continued

In the big inning Tiant, having singled, goes to second and heeded for third on a throwing goffe, gets back safely, beating Concepcion's tag. Below, as base-runner Fisk watches, Concepcion lunges at grounder that drives him in

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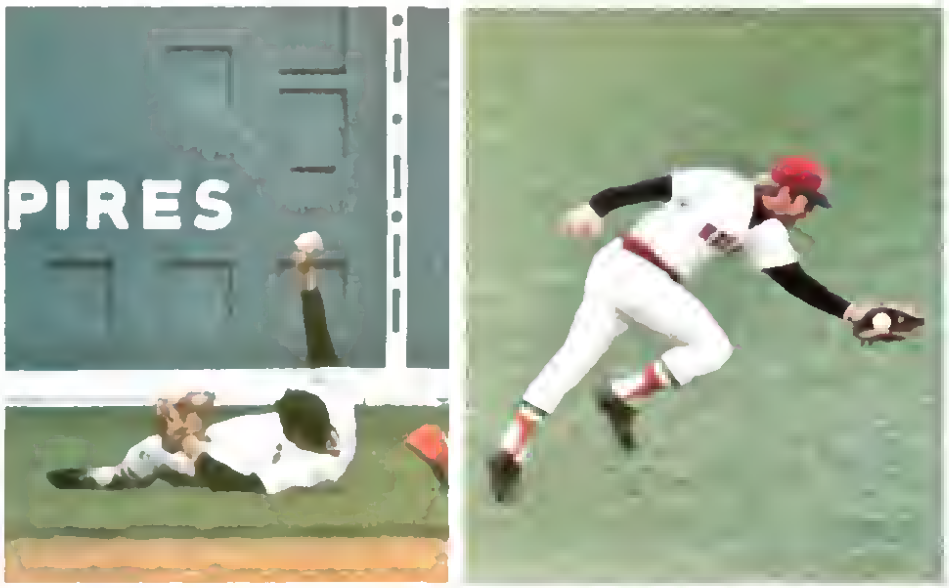


Yaz comes up with Concepcion's blooper to blunt a Reds' rally that Doyle's stab kills.

base, the ball bouncing crazily away from Joe Morgan. An alert Dave Concepcion finally retrieved it in time to toss out Evans, attempting to score. In the sixth, with one out, Lynn singled and Petrocelli doubled him to third. Rick Burleson was then walked to load the bases and set up a possible double play. But Cecil Cooper lofted a fly ball to short center field instead. Cesar Geronimo made a running catch and with singular dexterity threw home to Bench, who tagged out Lynn.

Tiant, meanwhile, was holding the Reds at bay with a little help from his friends. In the seventh, with a group of their fans brandishing pennants and calling for them to "Go," the Reds almost got in gear. George Foster led off with a ground single to left, the ball eluding Burleson's groping glove. Then Concepcion hit what appeared to be a bloop single to left. Unfortunately for him, this is where Yastrzemski is playing these days, and it is likely that no one has ever patrolled left field in Fenway the way Yaz does. Playing shallow in this shallowest of major league outfields, he hurried in and made a diving, rolling catch. Foster promptly squelched the little rally he started by getting thrown out by Carlton Fisk on a steal attempt. That, too, was unfortunate, since the next hitter, Ken Griffey, doubled down the right-field line. Only another fielding gem, this one by Second Baseman Denny Doyle on Gullett's tricky rainbow liner, preserved Tiant's shutout.

Angered by this impertinence, the Red Sox turned on the heat in their half of the inning. They had already gotten seven hits off Gullett, a left-handed fireballer, but all had been unproductive. No more. When you're hot, you're hot. Tiant himself opened the door with a leadoff single to left. It was his first base hit since Oct. 3, 1972. Gullett threw Evans' succeeding sacrifice bunt into center field, and Doyle bounced a single past shortstop after first failing to sacrifice. With the bases loaded, Yaz hit a soft liner to right that caught Griffey and, for that matter, Tiant in a moment of indecision, both operating under the delusion the ball would be caught. Griffey misjudged it and when he finally charged after it, he was tardy. When the ball dropped at his feet, Tiant was still standing on third, preparing to tag up after the catch. He eventually arrived home safely, but only one run scored when two should have.

Gullett was removed by Reds Manager Sparky Anderson, a man famously impatient with his starters. But Gullett's successors, Clay Carroll and Will McEnaney, fared poorly at the hot hands of the Red Sox. Carroll survived only long enough to walk Fisk with the bases loaded. McEnaney then entered and struck out Lynn, but Petrocelli singled to left, scoring two runs, Burleson singled in another and Cooper's sacrifice fly scored the sixth and final run.

Tiant, who started the inning, ended it by popping out. The Sox had batted around, gotten five hits and scored all the runs they would need. It was the biggest World Series inning since Detroit scored 10 times against the Cardinals in the third inning of the sixth game in 1968. Tiant, the "Loo-ey, Loo-ey" chant from his fans spurring him on, retired the Reds in order in the remaining two innings. His was the first complete game in a Series since Steve Blass finished one for Pittsburgh in 1971. His shutout was the first in a Series opener in seven years.

Tiant and his 70-year-old father, Luis Sr., shared the attentions of the press in the steamy Red Sox clubhouse. The elder Tiant had arrived in Boston from Cuba in time to see his son, who at 34 is himself no chicken, pitch the Sox to a division championship, a pennant and now a win in the World Series. Luis Sr.'s thin copper face fairly shone with pride under a floppy fedora. Asked facetiously if his son learned his famous corkscrew windup from him, the father solemnly replied, "No." The son sat in the training room soaking his right elbow in ice water and responding dryly to myriad inquiries. "I never give up," he said, effectively summarizing his day. "I had pretty good stuff when I wanted it."

The Reds did score one minor triumph over Tiant. For several days before the game, Anderson had complained that Tiant had a pickoff move to first base that was clearly a balk. Meetings were held on the matter with umpires and Com-

Morgan eludes a Tiant pickoff at first, then

missioner Bowie Kuhn. At the time, it seemed little more than routine harassment. And in the first three innings Saturday, Tiant's move to first base went untested since no one from Cincinnati got that far. But with one out in the fourth, Morgan singled and Tiant was called for a balk on one of his pickoff attempts. According to First Base Umpire Nick Colosi, he had been guilty of "a double dip with the knee. . . . Moving the knee is the breaking point to throw [to home plate] and he moved it twice." Colosi, significantly, is a National League umpire.

But the balk was a mere trifle. Nothing the Reds did hurt Tiant all day. Although they played well on defense, the visitors did not seem as well prepared or as inspired as the Red Sox. Yaz, probably the most inspired of them all, had an explanation for this early advantage: "We had constant pressure from Baltimore at the end of the season and this prepared us for the playoffs and the World Series."

That may be, but what was even more obvious was that on this day the Red Sox were still the hottest team in creation. All the Reds could hope to do was observe Anderson's sage counsel: "Stay calm."

Is awarded second when Luis makes a balk.

As a downpour forces a 27-minute delay, umpires take a soaking and fans hoist umbrellas.

GAME 2

His club has its "ugly" moments, Sparky Anderson conceded, sounding the way Clark Gable must have when talking about his ears. "But over the course of a year, you won't see a better baseball team than the Cincinnati Reds." On Sunday, at least, that appraisal seemed accurate enough. The Reds had a few ugly moments, most of them occurring while they swung impotently at Red Sox lefthander Bill Lee's tempting blooper changeup, but when they had to be, they were what they have always claimed to be, The Best Team in Baseball. Not that the Red Sox, in losing 3–2 to a ninth-inning rally, embarrassed themselves. Far from it. They were as plucky and tenacious as ever, but their luck finally ran out, as it had to.

This was a superb game of baseball, played in conditions better suited to a staging of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. If Saturday's opening-day weather was unsuitable for baseball, Sunday's was impossible. As Sunday dawned, the black of night became the black of day. It was cold. It was windy. And it was raining. There were more yellow rain hats at Fenway than Red Sox caps, although one fan, a Harvard man named Kissinger, dauntlessly wore one through the heaviest downpours, fearlessly, if undiplomatically, advertising his allegiance to another overflow crowd of 35,205. Kissinger and his fellow fans should be applauded for their durability on a day that would seem inclement in Green Bay, Wisconsin. But television commitments left no question that the game would be played, even if the field were under three inches of water.

Once again, the Reds and Red Sox seemed unaware of their surroundings, playing as if on a dry track. There were fully as many defensive marvels performed on this muddy sward as on the somewhat firmer surface of the day before. In a remarkable sixth inning, the Sox staved off three of the Reds' best hitters

continued

with a series of uncanny stabs and throws. With the score tied 1–1, Rose timed one of Lee's bloopers properly and hit a sharp ground single to left field. Morgan, after arguing unsuccessfully that he was brushed by a Lee pitch inside, followed with another ground ball that was headed through the hole between first and second and toward right field until it was intercepted by a flying Cecil Cooper. Since Cooper had been holding Rose on first base, it is amazing that he could even reach the ball, let alone do what he did, which was scramble to his knees and throw Rose out at second. This still left Morgan on first. To counteract him, there was Lee, who had picked off 11 runners this year. The cat-and-mouse game was played only half-heartedly, however, as Lee did not make a serious effort at catching Little Joe napping, contenting himself with soft, precautionary throws.

Then, suddenly, Morgan was running. He did not bargain on two other formidable opponents, however—the heavy base paths and the hard-throwing Fisk, who fired perfectly to Doyle on the first-base side of second to catch the Red. The bases were now empty, but Bench, who can round them with one swing, was up. The Red Sox had kept Bench off their green wall by pitching him outside, away from his awesome power. He had adjusted, however, by going with the pitch and hitting to center and right. This time he dropped a dying little liner into center, a certain base hit. But no—Lynn, the game's newest superstar, was chugging through the mud after it with a look of fierce determination. At the last second he launched himself through the air, caught the ball inches from the soggy grass and slid forward with it firmly in his possession. Fenway was a madhouse. Seldom has a single inning produced three such splendid plays.

There were others, too. Bench, the big cat of a catcher, made a magnificent pick-up and throw on Lee's near-perfect bunt in the fifth; Burleson ranged far for a Perez hopper up the middle in the ninth; Lynn made another running catch of a Concepcion drive in the fourth. Oddly enough, the game began with a notably bad play. Cooper, leading off for the Red Sox, sliced a liner toward the wall in left that George Foster overran and could only wave at as it sailed past him for a double. Cooper was eventually run down in a freakish pitcher-to-second-to-home-to-third-to-home double play, but Yastrzemski, whose grounder to Reds starter Jack Billingham had begun the complicated sequence, reached second when it was completed. Yaz quickly scored on Fisk's line single to right.

Bench starts the Reds' triumphant ninth inning by lashing a double down the right-field line.

The first 10 Reds went down in order, just as they had in the Series opener, but in the fourth Cincinnati tied the score when Morgan walked, reached third on Bench's single to center and scored on Perez' forceout. With the rain falling on them and the mud boiling beneath them, the two teams settled into a defensive struggle. The Red Sox broke the deadlock in the sixth. With one out, Yastrzemski singled to right and reached second when Concepcion bobbled Fisk's brisk ground ball to short. Lynn flied out, but Petrocelli, like Yaz a star two days in a row, singled in the tie breaker.

By now the rain was falling in wintry torrents and, after the Reds were retired meekly in the top of the seventh, the umpiring crew called for a recess. The rain delay lasted 27 minutes, long enough, apparently, for the Reds to gird themselves for a socko finish. Will McEnaney was their pitcher when play resumed, having replaced Pedro Borbon, who replaced Billingham. McEnaney proved to be a much more valuable reliever this day than he had been on Saturday, pitching flawlessly in the seventh.

Lee, meanwhile, was covering himself with unexpected glory. He had not won since Aug. 24 and had not started since Sept. 19. His 17-9 won-lost record was

Concepcion finishes it, flying in with the winning score on Griffey's double to left center.

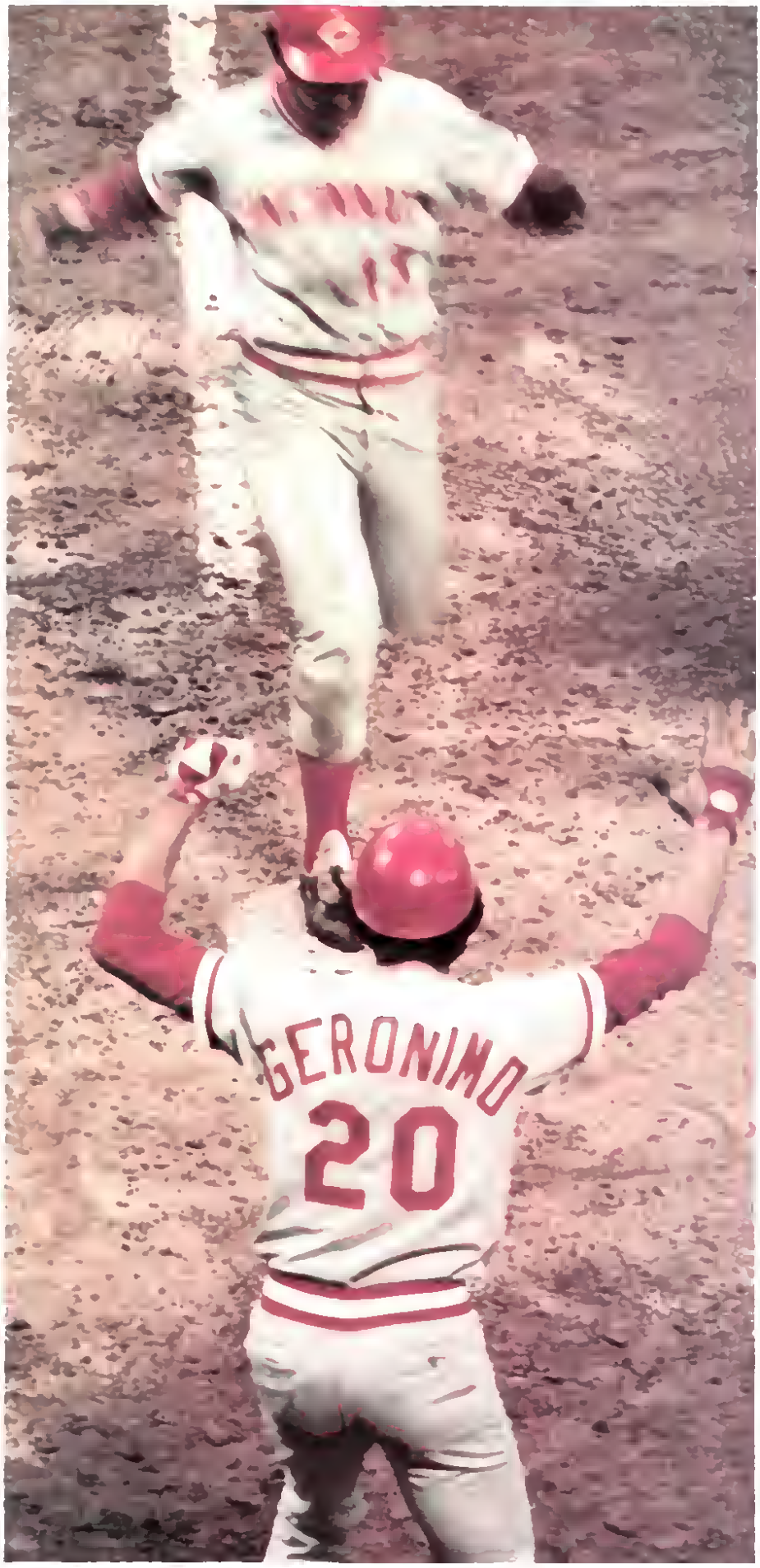
flawed by a 3.95 earned run average. Furthermore, he had outraged the fans with his comments on the town's school-busing crisis, suggesting that Bostonians were both bigoted and "gutless." He was the only Boston player booed when the team was introduced on Saturday. In Sunday's gloom, however, he emerged a titan. Entering the ninth, he had allowed only four hits and the single run and had struck out five. His bloopers had made buffoons of the mighty Reds sluggers and he had been all business on the mound. At the start of the final inning, the crowd rose to applaud him. He had been accepted.

Unfortunately, the inning began badly for him. Bench, leading off, crashed a line double down the right-field stripe. Manager Darrell Johnson called for the intrepid reliever, Dick Drago. The selection of Drago seemed at first a wise one. He induced Perez to ground out, Bench moving on to third. Foster hit a fly to left that was too short for Bench to score on. The crowd was now cheering every Drago strike, moaning over every Drago ball. But there was silence as Concepcion hit a hopper up the middle that Doyle could only field, not throw. Bench scored the tying run.

There was worse to come. Concepcion stole second, the Reds' first theft of the Series, despite Burleson's angry complaint that he had tagged him. And Ken Griffey sent a rocket to left center that not even Lynn could haul down, Concepcion scoring the winning run. Red Sox fans have come to expect miracles from their young men, but there was to be none today as Rawly Eastwick, who entered the game in the eighth, retired Burleson, pinch-hitter Bernie Carbo and Cooper on three fly balls in the ninth.

The fans plunged moodily into the darkening day, fearing the worst in Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium, where the Reds rarely lose. A single win there would, however, return the Series to friendly Fenway. This was a prospect the Reds did not relish for sundry reasons, not the least of which was Rose's: "I just don't want to come back here because of the hotel. We don't have hot water there."

There was none of it in Fenway, either, save what the Reds got their opponents into. **END**



THE SOONERS ARE THE BETTER

In a typical rootin' tootin' battle with Texas, Oklahoma scored in the final period to win 24–17 and extend its unbeaten streak to 34 **by JOE JARES**

Having escorted his players to a shoot-'em-up movie and then packed them off to bed, each with an apple, Oklahoma's Barry Switzer sat in a Fort Worth lounge last Friday night commiserating with himself over his fate, which is to have a team that merely wins every game it plays instead of burying foes under an avalanche of touchdowns. The Sooners performed satisfactorily in stomping Oregon 62–7 and Pittsburgh 46–10, but it was a shame how they humiliated their fans in squeaking by Miami (Fla.) 20–17 and Colorado 21–20.

An elderly man approached Switzer's table. "I've been following OU football for 53 years," he said, grasping Switzer's hand in consoling fashion. "Don't let the criticism get to you."

"It's nice of you to say that, sir," said the coach, bravely keeping his chin up. Of course, the fact that he had never been beaten in his 26-game head-coaching career helped bolster his sagging morale.

Oh my, yes, Oklahoma fans are hard to please. If da Vinci were their head artist, they would demand that the *Mona Lisa*'s smile be changed to a toothy grin. If God were a Sooner, they would demand a five-day Creation. Take the previous Saturday, a home game against Colorado. Ahead by one point in the closing seconds, Oklahoma Quarterback Steve Davis, a licensed Baptist minister who flies an airplane to various towns to deliver his sermons, fell on the ball several times in a row to kill the clock. The home folks booed the Rev. Steve Davis.

Afterward, Assistant Coach Larry Lacewell met an annoyed woman fan who wanted to know why Davis had not tried to pass to get another touchdown.

"Madam," said Lacewell with a straight face, "we were trying to hold down the score."

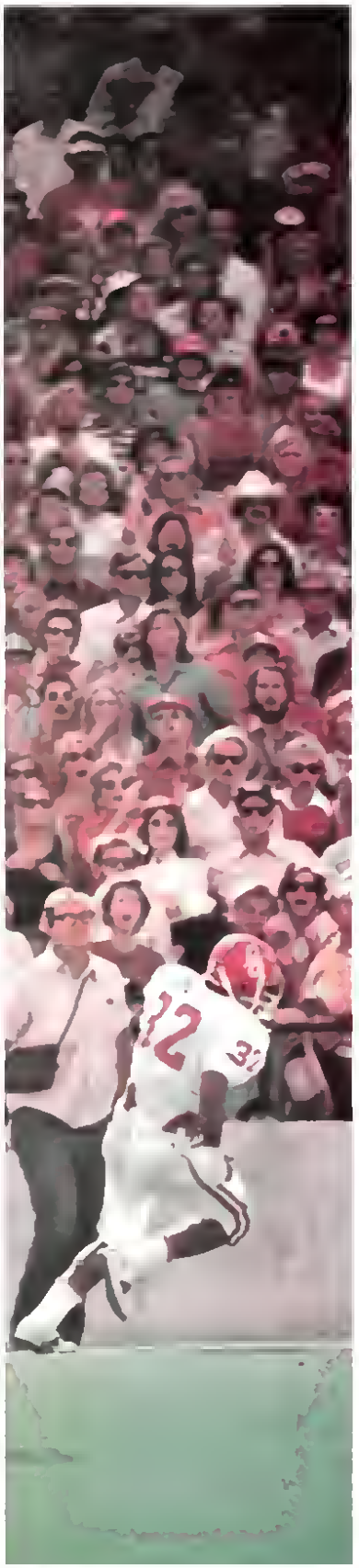
Last Saturday Oklahoma once again managed to hold down the score. It was the annual Texas-Oklahoma game before the annual capacity crowd of 72,032 in Dallas' Cotton Bowl. Undefeated, fifth-ranked Texas went into the game leading the nation in rushing, total offense and scoring, but Oklahoma's defense, featuring End Jimbo Elrod and Tackle Leroy Selmon, held the Longhorns to 212 yards rushing, 183 below their average. And after a fumble-filled four quarters in more than 100° heat, Oklahoma was the survivor 24–17, the fifth year in a row it has defeated hated Texas.

The victory left Oklahoma unbeaten in 34 straight games, unbeaten and untied in 25 straight. Switzer's head-coaching record is now 26-0-1. Still, the combined scores of the last three games add up to Oklahoma 65, opponents 54, a margin totally unacceptable to Sooner fans. Clearly, Switzer must humbly apologize and quickly shape up or he will find himself the first undefeated coach in history to be hung in effigy.

Texas vs. Oklahoma has been a highlight of the State Fair in Dallas since 1929 (preceding Fletcher's corny dogs, the incredible woman without a middle and the Rock 'n' Roll Caterpillar ride), and it is one of college football's great rivalries, making the Cotton Bowl as important a part of the carnival as the roller coaster and the ring-toss games, the Belgian waffles and the freak show. As if it needed it, the big game this year got some additional spice from the Great Lie-Detecting and Guitar-Picking Debate.

Texas Coach Darrell Royal has implied that Oklahoma has used illegal or at least unethical tactics in luring promising Texas high school lads north of the Red River. Royal and others in the Southwest Conference helped push through an NCAA rule limiting the number of visits to a prospect's home. Oklahoma and its Big Eight friends opposed this regulation. Then, last April Switzer had his entire staff take lie-detector tests, which he said proved there had been no sinning. Royal's staff followed suit.

Losing four straight times to OU and losing lots of good prospects was upsetting enough to Royal, but he really hit the roof when Switzer, speaking to an OU alumni group last summer in Tulsa, criticized the new visitation rule and spoke of coaches who "would rather sit home and listen to guitar pickers," an unveiled dig at the country-music-loving Royal.



Scoring the winner, Ivory leaves the Longhorns behind and brings the fans to their feet

Last Saturday's game reflected the intensity of the rivalry between the two coaches. Oklahoma twice took 10-point leads but Texas fought back to tie the score with eight minutes to play. When the Sooners ran back the ensuing kickoff the Texas goal was still 79 yards away and the Longhorns were frothing at the mouth. If the Sooners were the best team in the nation, now was the time to show it.

And they did, helped by one major penalty. Horace Ivory went up the middle for six yards on first down but Elvis Peacock was stopped for no gain. It looked like a very tough third and four coming up, but a Longhorn was called for grabbing Peacock's face mask, and the 15-yard penalty gave Oklahoma a first down on its 42.

"I think that face-mask call was questionable," said Texas Linebacker Lionell Johnson. "I was in on the tackle. I hit high and I was clear and I don't see how the man who hit low could have been called."

The penalty seemed to take the heart out of the Longhorns. Joe Washington gained five and Tinker Owens went 10 on a reverse. First down Oklahoma on the Texas 43. Ivory for six, Ivory for one and Quarterback Steve Davis for three gave the Sooners another first down on the 33. From there, in one clean burst, Ivory shot through left tackle, cut to his left and fled down the sideline for a touchdown. Oklahoma was back in the lead with 5½ minutes left.

The Longhorns, it seemed, would have one last chance, but the remarkable Joe Washington denied them that. After Texas had failed to move and had punted, the ball rolling dead at the Sooner's eight, Oklahoma picked up only two yards in two carries. Assuming the Longhorns could hold once more, Oklahoma would be kicking from its goal line, and with 2½ minutes to play, Texas could hope to get the ball at midfield, maybe closer. But on third down the snap went directly to Washington, who quick-kicked, the ball sailing far over the Texas secondary and eventually stopping 76 yards away on the Longhorn 14. End of ball game.

At the start it appeared neither team would hold the ball long enough to score. The Longhorns' center, Billy Gordon, was injured blocking on the kickoff, and that proved disastrous for Texas. Sophomore Jim Wyman had to take over, and Quarterback Marty Akins fumbled two of his snaps in a row in Texas' first series. Sooner Dewey Selmon recovered the second fumble on the Texas 46 and Oklahoma moved far enough to allow its Brazilian soccer-style kicker, Tony DiRienzo, to make a 45-yard field goal.

Washington had some misfortunes. He fumbled in the Sooners' first series, returned a punt 80 yards for a touchdown only to have it nullified because of an obvious clipping infraction that hadn't helped him, and fumbled on the Texas five even though he had not been hit. Three plays later a Texas pitchout went awry and Oklahoma End Mike Phillips fell on the ball in the end zone for a 10–0 Sooner lead.

But just when Oklahoma's insatiable fans began to savor a romp, Akins brought Texas back, which is what you would expect from a young man who has made no secret of wanting to be 1) the All-America quarterback, and 2) Governor of Texas. He joined forces with his roommate, Split End Alfred Jackson, on a 38-yard pass to close the gap to 10–7. A Texas fumble by Earl Campbell in the third quarter led to Washington's nimble nine-yard touchdown run, but Akins made the score 17–14 in the fourth quarter, keeping around right end for about 10 yards, then lateraling to Jimmy Walker for a combined 30-yard touchdown run.

By that time the heat down on the stadium's AstroTurf floor, not to mention the hard hitting and the high tension, had left the players exhausted. As trite as it sounds, they kept going on pride and emotion. Overlooking the fact that 16 of Oklahoma's top 44 are from Texas, Longhorn Tackle Brad Shearer had said, "I just hate Okies, to put it bluntly. They hate me just as bad and that's what makes it a great game."

It was a Shearer tackle that forced an Oklahoma fumble early in the last quarter, and eight plays later Russell Erxleben, conventional-style kicker from Sequin, Texas, booted a 43-yard field goal to tie the game 17–17. Then came Oklahoma's final drive to victory. **END**

THEY'RE A WINNING COMBINATION

Coach Paul Brown calls the plays, Ken Anderson executes and the Cincinnati Bengals are off to their best start **by RON REID**

For any quarterback vitally interested in enhancing his reputation with 72-point headlines and TV spots, there are more appropriate teams to command than the Cincinnati Bengals, for whom Ken Anderson, 26, has toiled in low-profiled excellence into his fifth—and thus far undefeated—season.

Other signal callers with less impressive passing credentials have earned more glowing tribute. Fran Tarkenton is lauded for his swashbuckling style, Joe Namath for his deadly arm and Ken Stabler for his regal grace under pressure. In contrast, Anderson has received the kind of acclaim usually reserved for a shoe salesman while enduring a myth that is none too flattering. Beyond the borders of the Queen City, he is merely the on-field extension of Paul Brown, who, after 44 seasons in the game, is still calling plays from the sideline.

The tactic has been unfairly bumrapped since Brown, when anyone last thought to look, still has won more games than any of his peers, against whom he is now unleashing one of the most complex—and most efficient—offenses in the NFL. Brown's sideline huddles, however, have diluted the esteem due Anderson for his exceptional performances.

"People think he's some kind of computerized, transistor robot," says Bill Walsh, the Bengals' quarterback coach, "but you watch him play and he finds ways to move the ball and to innovate with audibles. He creates opportunities. It's a mistake to assume he's just basically taking orders and complying with them."

Ironically, Anderson's pinpoint passing is at least partly to blame for the transistor theory, since his completion rate and his low yield of interceptions reflect an accuracy that seems more programmed than practiced. Last season, as almost no one but readers of the NFL guide will recall, Anderson won the passing championship by completing 213 of 328 tosses for 2,667 yards and 18 touchdowns. Along the way he suffered only 10 interceptions, the fewest by any starting quarterback over a full season. It was the third straight year he had posted the lowest percentage of interceptions. This season, with the Bengals off to their finest start after beating Cleveland, New Orleans, Houston and, last Sunday, New England, Anderson has completed 69 of 108 tosses for 965 yards and eight touchdowns, with only one interception.

"At the moment," says Walsh, "I would say that he's the most effective quarterback over a 14-game season. I think Namath's the greatest quarterback in a given game to beat a team that has to be beaten, but Kenny—from the standpoint of 14 games, staying power against the rush, efficiency and everything that goes with it—is the best."

If so, few expected as much when An-

Anderson has a bundle of statistics to prove that he is pro football's best quarterback.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

derson came to the Bengals as the team's third-round draft choice in 1971. For one thing, he had gone to tiny Augustana College in Rock Island, Ill. which was not exactly in the habit of scheduling Notre Dame. Anderson entered Augustana on a basketball scholarship but received most of his grant-in-aid through a federal program assisting exceptional math students.

"My son Pete heard about Anderson through some good reports from our scouts," Brown says, "but you rarely give much attention to that caliber of competition because it's such a tremendous jump." Brown, however, sent Walsh to Augustana for a closer look, and when Walsh reported back in glowing terms, he decided to draft the youngster.

While Brown is impressed with Anderson's size (6′ 2½″, 211) and speed (4.7 for the 40), he waxes warmest in discussing Anderson's intellect and his all-American-boy personality. "To begin with, he's extremely bright," Brown says. "And he's got common horse sense and good judgment. Every guy on the team likes him. He's their bell cow."

Brown adds, "And he's so well adjusted as a person. You know what his parents do? They take a vacation in July and they rent a lake cottage near Wilmington [where the Bengals hold training camp] and spend their days watching Kenny practice. That's really nice. It's Americana."

For his part, Anderson says, "I think I'm a good quarterback. I've still got things to learn but I feel comfortable out there now. I've become more disciplined. I know our passing game better and I know where everyone's going to be. I think I'm making better decisions about who I throw to. I wouldn't classify myself as a superstar, but I think I'm as good as any other quarterback in the league."

As for his extraordinary statistics, Anderson says, "They're nice to look at and make you feel good, but some weeks you have to complete 17 of 22 to win and you can't do that every week. You're also going to have the games when you're seven of 22, but if you hit the right seven, you'll win."

Walsh, among others, expects Anderson to keep hitting often this year. "You never know when a player's progression will slow or stop," he says, "but Kenny's hasn't stopped yet. We think he will be better this year because he'll stay with his primary receivers longer to get more yardage out of the abilities of Isaac Curtis and Chip Myers. It may mean a few more interceptions, but I think it will mean more points."

Curtis is a receiver who deserves staying with while he flies down field. With his 9.3 speed and improved knowledge of defensive backs, this season Curtis has caught 16 Anderson passes for 321 yards and four touchdowns, each of which has been followed by his patented, behind-the-helmet ball drop.

"Curtis is a great delight," Brown says. "It's in character for him to do that with the ball. No fanfare, no jumping up and down or spiking it. He's a very gentle person and he just gets rid of it."

Curtis can get rid of worry, too, as Anderson found out in New Orleans earlier this season. "We had a short-yardage play called and when I came into the huddle, I just couldn't get it out," he says. "My tongue was tied. Finally I called the play but we came out in the wrong formation. But we scored a touchdown anyway. Isaac got it. He's a nice guy to go to when you're in trouble."

Anderson suffered only momentary stress last Sunday when the Bengals scored a 27–10 victory over winless New England, but the occasions when he could go to Curtis were stymied by the Patriots' double coverage. Only on a New England blitz was Anderson able to connect with his fastest receiver for a 45-yard gain that set up Cincinnati's first touchdown. With Curtis in check, Anderson adjusted by throwing to Chip Myers and Charlie Joiner, a pair of reliable veterans who combined for nine receptions totaling 136 yards.

Anderson, who completed 16 of 31 for 265 yards and a touchdown, was at his peak in the third quarter when he took his mates on a dazzling seven-play drive covering 83 yards. The march ended with Essex Johnson scampering 12 yards into the end zone after Anderson had completed three of five passes for 57 yards. Less than a minute later the Bengals put the game out of reach when Linebacker Al Beauchamp recovered Sam Cunningham's fumble at the New England 37-yard line and Anderson threw a touchdown pass to Joiner.

Despite some close calls when he had to thread the needle on passes to Myers or found Bruce Coslet in a swarm of defenders, Anderson again enjoyed an interception-free afternoon. Even so, he rated the game as one of his lesser efforts. "We wobbled around for a while," Brown said, "before we discovered that the best way to attack their 3-4 defense was to run right at it." In so doing, the Bengals churned out 174 yards rushing, tops for the season.

If the team stays healthy, as it assuredly did not a year ago, Cincinnati will be a stern test for everyone, including Oakland, whom it meets this Sunday at Riverfront Stadium.

"Our opponents aren't going to be able to double-cover Isaac all the time or we'll just do what we did today," Walsh said. "Our other receivers are quality people, too, and you can't forget about them."

Nor the quality guy who's throwing to them. **END**

Great god Brown has another miracle.

JAMBOREE AT JACK'S JOINT

Nicklaus invited some of his dearest rivals over to his new Muirfield course for a televised skin game

by DAN JENKINS

Years from now when the occasion is recalled, there will likely be four or five million people who will claim they were in the elegant Ohio woods near Columbus with Jack Nicklaus, some friends of his and all of those Japanese film makers in electric carts the day they shot *Birdies on the Orient Express*, or whatever Jack decides to title it. Indeed, last Friday was no ordinary day in the history of professional golf. It was a day when Nicklaus invited three chums named Lee Trevino, Tom Weiskopf and Johnny Miller to join him in a carefree little 18-hole round for $1,000 a pop, complete with greenies and carryovers—a cat game, as it is known outside the councilroom of the USGA—and all that the foursome did was put on a show for the ages. The festivities were recorded in sight and sound for U.S. and global viewing. Unless lunatics get involved in the editing, the result just might be one of the landmark contributions to the sport. As the high priest of cat games, Lee Trevino said, "We might have been out there to have fun, but, man, we hauled off and played jam up and jelly tight."

There is nothing, really, to compare it with. It was not a tournament. It was not an exhibition. And it was not hard-core gambling, which means that Deane Beman, the PGA commissioner, can raise up from the wash basin and stop gagging. If anything, it began as a device for Nicklaus to promote his new course and club, Muirfield Village, and the Memorial Tournament he will sponsor there on the tour late next spring. It became, however, a happening.

Having missed a putt one way, Miller abandons his club and tries to drop it another.

Getting Nicklaus, Trevino, Weiskopf and Miller together for a round of golf was intriguing in itself. Putting them on a course that is already a work of art provided something more. To have the day turn out to be the kind that inspires songs and poems about leaves and things did not hurt. Nor did the nearly six continuous hours of Trevino's humor. But, finally, on top of everything else, to have those particular superstars provide the type of golf they did was almost too heavy.

In Japan they will probably show every single shot that all four players hit and air every remark that was recorded through the magic of the small, wireless, radio frequency mikes Jack and the others wore. They do that sort of thing in Japan—a show runs forever. But anyone who is not planning to move to Osaka will also get at least two hours' worth. CBS-TV was a co-producer of sorts, and you should check your local listings

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

Weiskopf, Nicklaus and Miller kept breaking up at Trevino's steady stream of one-liners.

next Jan. 3. So much for their promo.

Here is what happened in the golf game, insofar as the scoring was concerned. Miller birdied the 2nd hole. Miller and Trevino birdied the 3rd hole. Trevino and Nicklaus birdied the 4th hole. Weiskopf birdied the 5th hole. Weiskopf birdied the 6th hole. Nicklaus and Miller birdied the 7th hole. Nicklaus birdied the 9th hole. Miller birdied the 11th hole. Weiskopf birdied the 12th hole. Nicklaus *eagled* the 15th hole. Nicklaus birdied the 16th hole. And Weiskopf birdied the 17th hole.

As a foursome, the immortals were 13 under par on a course that can take its place on any list of Pine Valleys and Pebble Beaches you want to draw up. It must have seemed all the more amazing to the 5,000 spectators that the heroes could shoot this kind of golf with wires running up inside their shirts, and while waiting for 20 cameras to be moved by the Orient Express—about 10 electric carts manned by assorted versions of Cecil B. DeShingu-san.

The game they played worked like this: low score on a hole got $1,000. It was two tie, all tie. And there were those carryovers. Thus, when the 1st hole was halved with pars, the 2nd hole was worth $2,000 to Miller when he rolled in a 30-foot putt for a birdie.

Miller had rapped the putt too firmly but it struck the pin and went in.

Up on the green Nicklaus said, "I'm afraid I'll have to deduct the cost of a new flagstick, John. You cracked that one."

One of the best holes at Muirfield Village is the 3rd, a dangerous and scenic par-4 lined with trees, with a green guarded by a creek, a deep bunker and overhanging limbs. Trevino and Miller both hit glorious irons into the green. Lee putted first and curled it in. Nicklaus and Weiskopf then began to help Miller line up the putt that would halve the hole if he could sink it.

Trevino called a time-out and spoke to the crowd. He had already been babbling away, saying, "Yawl gonna play, or are you scared . . . ? Look at them three blonds out here pickin' on a poor Mexican. . . . Relax, Jack, I'll run your show for you. . . . Wonder if Miller's got those short arms and deep pockets when he's got to come up with that 10% he gives to the church. . . ."

Now Trevino was saying, "Look at that, folks. There's three of the greatest players in the whole world over there tryin' to line up one little old putt. If they miss this, they're gonna look like *clowns*."

The first big lick in the game came at the 5th hole, an ingenious par-5. It is a dogleg to the right with a stream bisecting the fairway vertically instead of across. The 5th hole would be worth $3,000 if anyone could win it since the 3rd and 4th had been halved with those birdies. Weiskopf had almost reached the green in two blows after nailing a driver and a three-wood. He was in the front, right-hand bunker.

Filmed golf has its show-biz moments, and this was one of the better ones of the day. The show's two directors, Frank Chirkinian of CBS and a pleasant, ever-smiling gentleman called Shingu-san, were not exactly hidden by the scenery. At times, in fact, it looked as if Nicklaus, Trevino, Weiskopf and Miller were playing a sixsome. In any case, as Weiskopf was preparing to hit from the bunker, Chirkinian suddenly waved his arms at a cameraman and hollered, "This will be a continuous take after Tom's shot."

"Ready?" said Weiskopf.

The club waggled.

"Ready?" said Chirkinian to Shingu-san.

Stance.

"Not ready, Frank," said Shingu-san.

Waggle.

"Now ready?" said Chirkinian.

New waggle. New stance.

"Ready, Frank," said Shingu-san.

continued

Unable to win a single hole, Trevino got some high-priced help lining up his final putt.

Weiskopf finally hit a superb shot, the ball very nearly holing out, with Tom leaping up and down excitedly in the bunker. It was a gimme birdie and a swift three grand.

Later on Nicklaus himself would win two such carryover holes, which would cause Trevino to say that he was getting sick of all this "local knowledge." Jack took $3,000 with a birdie at the 9th, and he provided the biggest roar of the day with a 40-foot putt for an eagle at the par-5 15th for another $3,000

As Nicklaus' long eagle putt was gliding across the 15th green, Weiskopf, commenting on the fact that Muirfield Village may well have the speediest putting surfaces known to mankind, said, "That's five feet past."

"Six inches *down* is where it's goin'," said Trevino.

And down it went.

Well, perhaps that is enough of the repartee. It may all be available on a long-playing album one of these days, or maybe the Nicklaus Transcripts will be published. This particular production was sort of the finale to what had been a strange week in professional golf, the first "off" week for the PGA tour this year. What came before the cat game was a three-day nontournament for prize money totaling $117,500. Strictly for Japanese television, for what will be a staggering 52-week series, the match-play affair was arranged at Muirfield Village so that 16 players could battle it out to see who would have the honor of meeting Nicklaus and Weiskopf in the semifinals.

The invitees were Americans Jerry Heard, Ben Crenshaw, J. C. Snead, Tom Kite, Eddie Pearce, Forest Fezler, Leonard Thompson, Joe Inman, Mark Hayes and George Burns III, plus Australians David Graham and Bob Stanton, Ireland's John O'Leary, Scotland's Bernard Gallacher, and Japan's Kazunari Takahashi and Tsutomo Irie.

A few weeks ago, when the format became known, Ed Sneed, one of the tour wits, said, "Why does Jack want to run the risk of putting himself in the semifinals? He ought to seed himself into four up on the back nine of the finals."

The Japanese crew shot something like 100,000 feet of film each day, which is the rough equivalent of six *Gone with the Winds* and three *Duel in the Suns* with a couple of *All in the Families* thrown in. No one paid much attention to what went on until the semifinals, naturally, but what was typical of the play, since all of the guests were guaranteed a minimum of $2,500, was an incident in a match between Jerry Heard and Eddie Pearce. Heard hit a tee shot in the water and won the hole because Pearce followed it up by hitting two shots nobody could ever find. The nontournament ended up as the Japanese wished, with Nicklaus beating Weiskopf in the finals 2 and 1 to take the $25,000 first prize.

"I didn't win a dime," Jack protested. "That money all goes into next year's tournament."

The highlight of the nontournament involved Ken Venturi, who was present in the role of a commentator for both the Japanese TV series and the film special that will be seen on CBS. Venturi did the introduction and the explanation about the two competitions. It was all filmed in a matter of minutes.

"Do you realize," Ken said, "that I'm going to have on the same sport coat for 52 weeks in Japan?"

Venturi had labored hard on what he would say and how he would say it. He had versions for a one-minute opening, a 30-second opening, a two-minute opening, etc. The first take ran 56 seconds.

"Was it O.K.?" he said to Shingu-san.

"Very good," said Shingu-san.

"I can do it shorter. . . . Longer. . . ? Anything else you want me to get in?"

"No problem," said Shingu-san. "We use Japanese voice, anyway."

Out of all of this comes the question of how good it is for golf. The convening of talents such as those belonging to Nicklaus, Trevino, Weiskopf and Miller would not mean nearly so much if it were not for the tournaments they compete in and what they have achieved in real combat. The spectacle of a tournament can never be replaced by an exhibition in any kind of gift wrapping. The world may not need another one of these, in other words, just as it does not need another King-Riggs match, and this is quite aside from the fact that last week's show in Ohio would be impossible to top.

But beyond this, and more importantly, it was not real competition. Don't feel sorry because Trevino failed to win a cat, skin or scat, whatever they are called at your home course. The four stars were guaranteed $20,000 just for showing.

Trevino said it best. "This'll be a hell of a show but let's play *my* game next time, baby. Let's all go down to the bank and draw out our *own* cash and put it up."

That of course would be the ultimate in theatrical golf but—oops—there goes Deane Beman back to the basin. **END**

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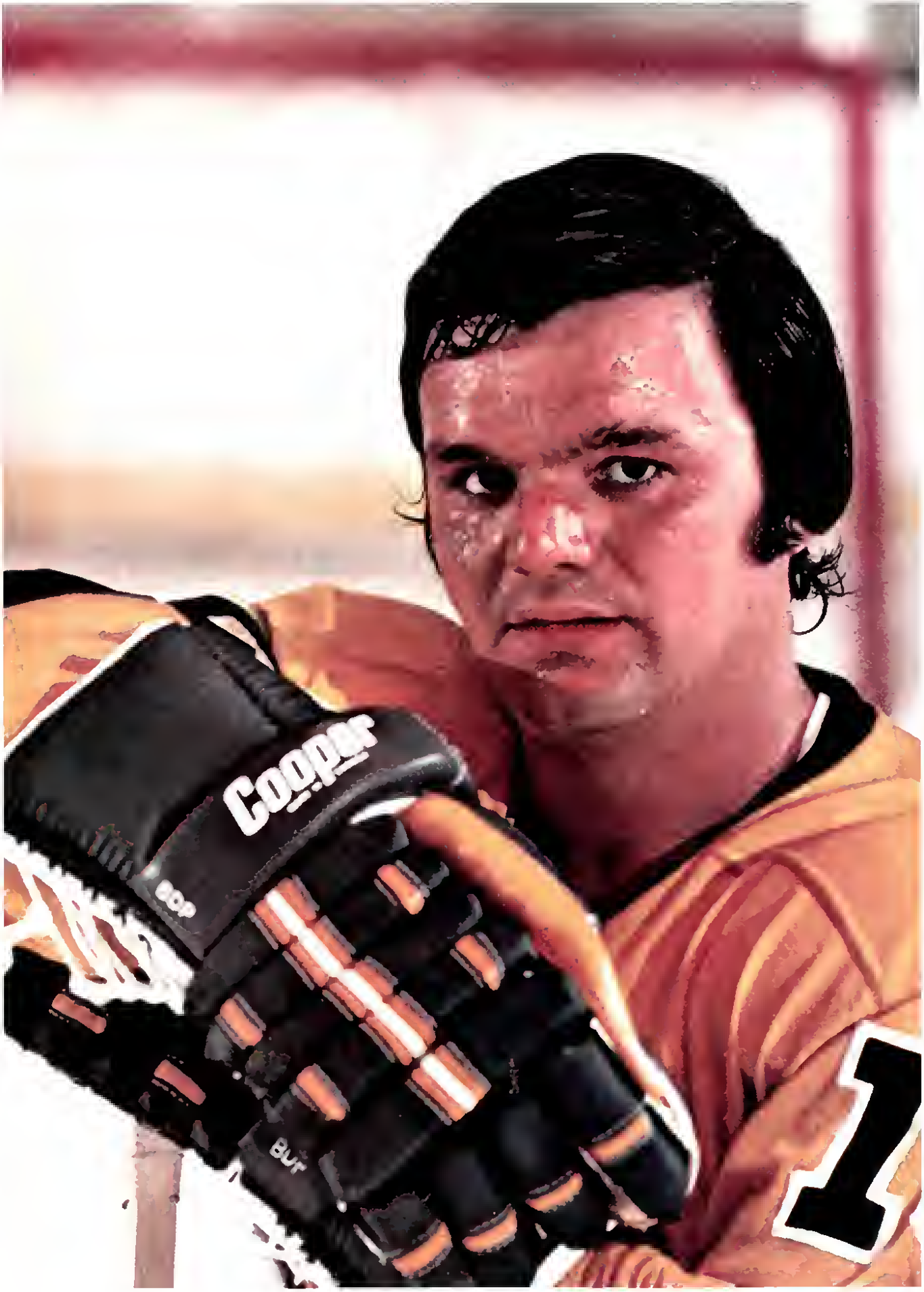
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HOCKEY 1975-1976

A SELLER'S MARKET

When Marcel Dionne put himself up for bids, buyers from both leagues got a complicated lesson in modern sales promotion

by MARK MULVOY

The hockey season started with Bobby Orr's left knee encased in plaster, 47-year-old Gordie Howe becoming a right-wing president, Bobby Clarke chasing a Stanley Cup hat trick for the Philadelphia Flyers and 5′ 7½″ Marcel Dionne jumping center with 7′ 2″ Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. As pucks dropped last week, the 18-team National Hockey League introduced five new coaches, three new owners; a tough gag rule that prohibits even the most decorous on-ice chit-chat between players and officials; and some stringent economic measures, particularly increased ticket prices (up an average $1.50 to $2). Over in the 14-team World Hockey Association, where Ol' Gordie now is the playing president of the Houston Aeros, there are no less than seven new coaches; new franchises in Denver and Cincinnati, making up for disbanded clubs in Chicago and Michigan/Baltimore, and a transferred team in Calgary, by way of Vancouver and Philadelphia.

On the business front, the NHL has lost its national game-of-the-week contract with NBC because of abominable ratings and a stubborn reluctance to provide the network with the best possible game each Sunday. Moreover, NHL players are traveling almost exclusively in the coach compartment of regularly scheduled flights on game days, rather than on luxurious charters, and they are being charged $7 for the hockey sticks they like to dispense as souvenirs. Even more drastically, NHL and WHA teams have contributed to the unemployment rate by abandoning their outright sponsorship of minor league teams and by flatly releasing large numbers of borderline players. Finally, the average NHL salary has plummeted almost 10%, down to a measly $70,000, while the average WHA paycheck has shrunk some 15%, to a piddling $45,000 for less than seven months' work. Or play.

Hockey's franchise rush is over. The frontiers have been explored, a few scouting parties have been lost along the way and now it is time to build some of the primitive outposts into self-sustaining settlements. And if hockey is a hard game on the ice, the front-office fight for survival is shaping up to be no less rough-and-tumble. Nothing illuminates the situation better than the off-season trade that brought Marcel Dionne to Los Angeles.

Jake Milford, the jovial but shrewd general manager of the Los Angeles Kings, was scouting the Memorial Cup junior (amateur) playdowns in Kitchener, Ont. last May when he received an urgent phone call from his boss back in California. "John," intoned Jack Kent Cooke, the owner of the Kings and a man who abhors all nicknames, "I'm going after Marcel Dionne on June 1." Milford nearly dropped the telephone. "How in heck do you expect to get him?" Milford asked Cooke. "Don't you worry, John, I will get Marcel Dionne from the Detroit Red Wings," Cooke replied. "I always get my man and Dionne is just what the Kings need—*a star.*" Pause. Silence. "Do you hear me all right, John? You know that I always get my man, don't you, John?" "Yes, Mr. Cooke." Click!

Marcel Elphege (Li'l Beaver) Dionne, 24, has scored more points (366) in his first four NHL seasons than did Rocket Richard, Gordie Howe, Bobby Orr, Phil Esposito, Bobby Hull or anyone else who has ever played in the league. Last year Dionne, a floating hit-and-run center with dazzling acceleration and more body contortions than Luis Tiant, scored 47 goals and had 74 assists for the low-flying Red Wings, trailing only Orr and Esposito in the points race, and won the Lady Byng award for his sportsmanlike behavior on the ice. But Dionne was unhappy in Detroit, in large measure because the Red Wings seemed to change general managers, coaches and operational policies nearly as often as their star scored goals. Twice the Red Wings suspended Dionne after he had flare-ups with coaches-in-residence; twice they quickly reinstated him. Another time Dionne, who talks at such a rate that a former teammate, Gary Bergman, once told him to take a break and wipe the sweat from his tongue, publicly blasted the Red Wings, saying, "There are only three NHL-caliber players on the team." In truth, Dionne was exaggerating.

All things considered, the Red Wings were hardly surprised last fall when Dionne told General Manager-Coach Alex Delvecchio that he would be exercising the option year in his contract during the 1974-1975 season. In a well-publicized attempt to placate their ace, the Red Wings appointed Dionne team captain and unretired Sid Abel's Old No. 12 jersey for him. Dionne responded with his best season, and Delvecchio optimistically expected his captain to sign a new contract. Midway through May, though, Dionne's attorney, Alan Eagleson, informed the Red Wings that there

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LONG

continued

was no change of heart on the part of his client and that Dionne would become a free agent on June 1.

Delvecchio was bitter. "Dionne is a pretty selfish individual," he said. "Now it looks as though what he did last year was all for himself." Delvecchio paused for a moment, then added, "Whatever he did, he's still a good little hockey player."

The Eagleson grapevine promptly leaked word to the rest of the hockey world: Marcel Dionne would soon become a free agent. Montreal, St. Louis, Buffalo, Toronto and Los Angeles of the NHL immediately let Eagleson know of their interest in Dionne, and so did Edmonton of the WHA. As Eagleson and Dionne opened negotiations with the NHL clubs, what they clearly wanted to avoid was a confrontation with the NHL's reserve rule. According to the Clarence Campbell Clause (unlike the Rozelle Rule, it has never been invoked), when teams cannot agree on proper compensation for a player who has exercised his option, an independent arbitrator decides the issue.

Montreal, St. Louis and Buffalo soon bowed out of the bidding. Toronto offered Dionne a five-year $1.25 million contract and proposed to indemnify the Red Wings with four regulars. Cooke countered with a five-year contract for $1.5 million, but could not match Toronto's indemnification proposal.

Dionne preferred the Los Angeles money, while Detroit preferred the Toronto players. "What finally happened," Eagleson says, "was that we helped Detroit act more reasonably." In other words, Eagleson told the Red Wings that Dionne would sign with Edmonton of the WHA—and thus leave them with nothing while delivering one of the NHL's top box-office draws to the rival league—unless they quickly reached agreement with Cooke on player compensation. "Under no circumstances were we letting the matter go to an arbitrator," said Eagleson, who, incidentally, was simultaneously campaigning to land a multimillion-dollar lifetime contract for Boston's Bobby Orr.

And so on a Monday afternoon last June, exactly one week after he had acquired Kareem Abdul-Jabbar for his Lakers, Jack Kent Cooke got his man. The deal: Dionne and retread Defenseman Bart Crashley for Wing Danny Maloney, Defenseman Terry Harper and a future draft choice. Harper, however, has refused to report to the Red Wings, claiming that the Kings promised not to trade him when he signed a new contract just before the deal, and he has brought a misrepresentation of contract suit against the Kings and an antitrust action against the NHL.

To Cooke, Dionne represents instant box office in a star-conscious city; the Kings have already more than doubled last year's season-ticket sales. To Coach Bob Pulford, who knew nothing about the trade until Cooke had consummated it, Dionne represents both a challenge and a godsend to his highly disciplined and successful hockey system. In converting the Kings from ragged losers to efficient winners who finished with the fourth-best record in the NHL last season, Pulford has emphasized defense first, defense second and more defense third. Consequently, the Kings have won or lost a majority of their games by the margin of one goal. "We've never had a good power play here," Pulford admits, "and Dionne will help cure that."

What worries Pulford, though, are the adjustments that he and Dionne will have to make in their techniques. "I've told Marcel, and he knows it, that he can't float around center ice here the way he did in Detroit," says Pulford. "He must retreat into the defensive end and work with the defensemen to get the puck out. This type of discipline is new to him, and I know it will take time for him to learn our system."

Pulford and Dionne had a minor dispute midway through the Kings' training camp; Pulford had assigned Dionne to the "Fat Squad," which required him to do an interminable stop-and-start drill at the conclusion of regular practice. It was Pulford's suspicion that Dionne was about 10 pounds overweight, but Dionne assured him that his best playing weight at Detroit had been 185 pounds, three less than he weighed at the time. Not convinced, Pulford asked Milford to check with the Red Wings. "He weighed 178 pounds last year," Milford told Pulford, who summoned Dionne to his office.

"You're dogging it in practice, Marcel," Pulford said. "Ah, I'm not a prac-

JACK KENT COOKE GOT HIS STAR BUT MAY HAVE TRADED IN THE KINGS' STRENGTH

tice player," Dionne said. Pulford shook his head. "You'll be a practice player here," he snapped, "and you'll also get your weight down—or else." Dionne took to wearing a heavy rubber jacket over his Kings' sweater during the double workouts, skipped the customary postpractice cans of Coors, limited himself to one main meal a day—and soon was down to 180.

Li'l Beaver also has worked overtime trying to blend into the California scene. "Geez, the Rams lost a big one down in Dallas," he said one night to Yvon Pedneault of Montreal's *La Presse*. Pedneault, who was making a 5,000-mile round trip to Los Angeles for an interview with Dionne, asked him who the Rams were. "Our football team," Dionne said. However, Dionne apparently does not plan any nocturnal invasions of Beverly Hills and Hollywood because he plainly flunked his first guest-celebrity test:

Q. What's the Polo Lounge?

D. Maybe a place where they rest polo horses?

Q. What's Grauman's Chinese Theater?

D. Where they show Chinese porno flicks?

Q. What's 77 Sunset Strip?

D. Yeah, I heard of that. It's a massage parlor.

Q. What's Schwab's Drug Store?

D. That's where we get a deal on toothpaste.

Q. What's a Hollywood Fluff Dry?

D. Who knows? Probably a haircut.

Yes, a Hollywood Fluff Dry is a haircut or a perm—or something.

"Now let me ask the questions," Dionne said. "I come from Drummondville, Quebec, not Hollywood. I'm still learning. I even watch *The Honeymooners* on television because they're new to me. I watch Fonzie, too, in *Happy Days*, and I like Carol Burnett. You know, Carol Burnett is a new name for me. Now tell me: Who is Mireille Mathieu? Stupid! She is Guy Lafleur's favorite singer. One wrong. Now who is Charles—do do do da da—Aznavour? Stupid! He's a big singer from Paris, and he's also Pierre Jarry's favorite singer. Two wrong."

He laughed. "I understand a lot of people are mad at me because I didn't sign with the Canadiens and play in Montreal," he said. "The people back there still think it is supposed to be destiny for a French-Canadian boy to play in Montreal—the Forum—with *Les Canadiens*. Listen, I owe the Canadiens nothing. Maybe they're worried about losing their image as the Flying Frenchmen, I don't know. They're about half-and-half now: half English and half French. Sure, I wish I could have played in Montreal, but I'm here in Los Angeles—and I like it." Dionne stopped talking and reached into his pocket for his money. "Yvon," he said to Pedneault, "I've got a lot of Canadian money here if you want to exchange your American dollars."

The next day Dionne wrote a check for 600 American dollars, the first month's rent on his leased home in Rolling Hills Estates, near Palos Verdes. "I think I told them the house was for me, my wife and our little girl, but forgot to tell them about my dog," he said. "Ah, when they get the check and it doesn't bounce, they'll be happy. My wife will be here soon, and then we'll start looking for a house to buy. For $70,000 out here you get nothing. Back home in Niagara Falls my $40,000 house was like a $90,000 place here. Hey, they pay me to go first-class, so I'll go first-class. I'm not going to walk around Los Angeles with any holes in my shoes."

Back in the Kings' dressing room before another workout, Dionne sat on the bench in front of his temporary locker, kicked off his shoes and listened as they fell to the floor. "Can't they lower this bench or something?" he said to Mike Murphy, taking the departed Harper's place as captain of the Kings and Dionne's new line partner at right wing. "Whose locker is this, anyway?"

Murphy smiled as he stared at Dionne's feet dangling in midair. "You're in Cazzie Russell's place," Murphy said. "He's 6′5″, not 5′7″."

"I'm 5′7½″, not 5′7″," Dionne said. "I'm not 'little,' either. I'm stubby, not little. My father is 6′2″ and 225 pounds. Two of my sisters are 5′8″. So what happened to me?" He stopped and wiped the sweat from his tongue.

What happened to Dionne *and* Jabbar was that Jack Kent Cooke got his men. Right, John?

SCOUTING REPORTS FOLLOW: NHL BY MARK MULVOY, WHA BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

DIONNE'S FREE-FORM STYLE STANDS OUT ON PULFORD'S PATTERN-ORIENTED TEAM

Scouting Reports

The NHL's four divisional races are strangely meaningless in a league in which 12 of the 18 teams qualify—720 games and six months later—for that annual springtime madness known as the Stanley Cup playoffs. So this prognosis ignores the races in the Adams, Smythe, Norris and Patrick divisions and, instead, separates the teams into more meaningful categories based on their prospects of winning the cup. It also highlights the rookies who could make the difference. Before you ask: Philadelphia, Montreal, Buffalo and Vancouver all will repeat as divisional champions—and Washington's hapless Capitals again will finish with hockey's worst regular-season record.

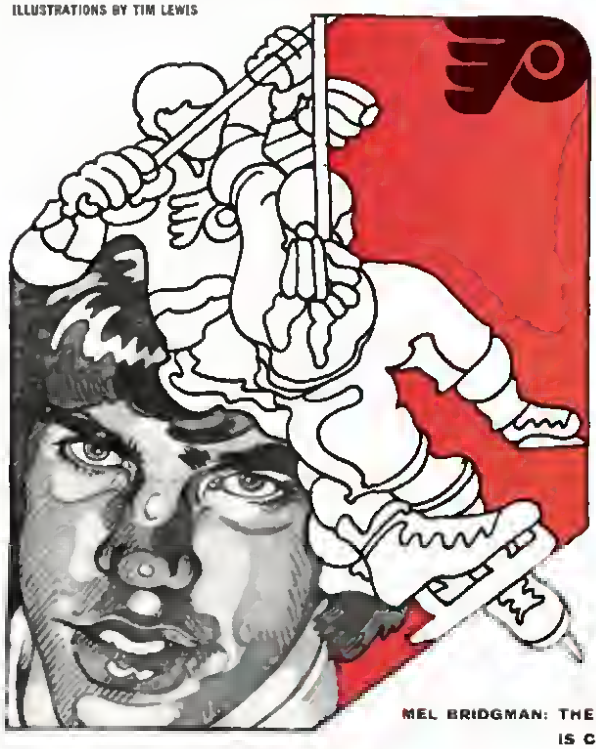
NHL SUPER TEAM: Freddie (The Fog) Shero, Philadelphia's man from Moscow, added Wrinkle No. 2485 to his mind-boggling coaching methodology by organizing hockey's first official Xs-and-Os playbook for the Stanley Cup champion Flyers. Why, Fog? There is nothing very secret or intricate about what the Flyers do on the ice: they simply play hockey better than any team this side of Russia's Wings of the Soviet. "The playbook makes it easier for the players to visualize situations as I discuss them," Shero says. "Under my system each player must be in a certain place at a certain time—and it's all right there in the book. Oh, yes. If anybody wants one of these books, just write me at the Spectrum in Philadelphia."

If they were smart, the 17 other clubs in the NHL would send self-addressed stamped envelopes to Shero this instant. However, Shero will not airmail Bernie Parent, the best goaltender in the game, or Bobby Clarke, the most tenacious leader and the most persistent player in the sport, or any of the other Flyers who have brought two straight Stanley Cups to the city of brotherly mug. Parent had a bad back and started the regular season in traction, which is where the rest of the league would like to keep him for about eight months. Competent Wayne Stephenson mans the goal until Parent returns. For protection, both Parent and Stephenson rely on The Underrateds—five guys named Jim, Joe, Tom, Ed and Moose who 1) block more shots each game than most goalies and 2) never let rival forwards hang around the goal crease for more than a fraction of a second. Their last names are Watson, Watson (brothers), Bladon, Van Impe and Dupont. Crusty old Van Impe answers to the name Zorro, as in: "Out of the night, when the full moon is bright, comes the defenseman known as Zorro/ This bold renegade carves a Z with his blade. . . ." In other words, don't mess with Mr. Van Impe.

Clarke is Clarke—or Pete Rose plus. "We're still desperate to win," he said. "We're a better club now than we were last season. We used to get publicity for gooning around, but it won't be that way anymore. Believe me, we are one solid team." Besides Clarke (27 goals and 89 assists last season), Philadelphia boasts Reggie Leach (45 goals), Rick MacLeish (38), diving specialist Bill Barber (34) and two-way Wings Ross Lonsberry (24) and Gary Dornhoefer (17). "We've also got a slew of guys like Don Saleski, Dave Schultz, Bob Kelly and Orest Kindrachuk who didn't even get 12 goals last year but were big guys on our club," Clarke said. "The way we play, there's more to hockey than scoring goals."

For added effect Philadelphia has acquired last season's top junior player, Center Mel Bridgman, who checks like Clarke and makes Philadelphia-style *Kamikaze* charges into the corners. "The management would like me to send Bridgman to the minors for some experience," Shero says. "No way. No one ever sent kids like that to me when I was coaching in the minors." If necessary, the Flyers can always revert to the terror tactics that have made them infamous for the past few years. They led the world with 1,969 penalty minutes a year ago—that's almost 12 *hours* more than any other NHL club. Philadelphia also has three coaches—Shero and assistants Mike Nykoluk (offense) and Barry Ashbee (defense)—prompting Clarke to ask: "Why is it that the best team in the world has three coaches and most of the others in the NHL have only one?" Maybe Shero will send the answer with his playbook.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM LEWIS



MEL BRIDGMAN: THE FLYERS' TOP PICK IS CUT IN THE BOBBY CLARKE MOLD

CONTENDERS: With apologies to such legends as Richard and Beliveau, the real home of the Flying Frenchmen now happens to be Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A. Or maybe Serge Savard, Yvan Cournoyer and all those guys named Guy up in Montreal have not yet caught the names on Buffalo's new power play: Gilbert Perreault, Jacques Richard and René Robert up front, Richard Martin and Jocelyn Guevremont at the point. Buffalo embarrassed Montreal all last season, taking nine of a possible 10 points during the regular schedule and then blasting Les Canadiens from the Stanley Cup playoffs in six games. All the Buffalo-Montreal matches were what Canadien Goaltender Ken Dryden properly called "basketball games," featuring scores like 8–7 and 8–6 and a complete absence of defense. Strangely, while Montreal generally plays Philadelphia closely, the Flyers always blitz the Sabres. Why? "No one on my team comes from Philadelphia," explains Buffalo General Manager Punch Imlach. "We have a lot of guys from Montreal and Quebec, and when we play the Canadiens they want to show the home folks how well they can play."

In truth, Philadelphia handles Buffalo easily because Bobby Clarke does what the Montreal centers never have been able to do: he neutralizes the explosive Buffalo attack by not letting Perreault off the end of his stick. By studying game films, Clarke discovered that Perreault has not yet learned how to work give-and-go pass plays from his own end to the opposition blue line. Perreault either carries the puck up ice himself, taking lots of flashy detours, or the puck simply remains in the Buffalo zone. What Clarke does, then, is harass Perreault constantly, banging him with his stick and body, all the while forcing Perreault to the boards and out of the play. "My guys know they should do this, too," says Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman, "but they never do it." However, Imlach disputes this entire How-to-Stop-Perreault theory. "We don't play Philadelphia often enough for our players to figure out how to beat the Flyers," he says. "If we did, we'd learn how to overcome Philadelphia's hooking, checking and taking out the man. The other clubs in the league just don't play like that."

Having seen the Cup finals, they may start to. Until then, Buffalo is content to go with only one minor alteration in its regular lineup, prompted by the acquisition of Left Wing Jacques Richard from Atlanta. In an attempt to spread out the Sabres' scoring power and get some checking, Buffalo Coach Floyd Smith severed the French Connection—Perreault (39 goals last year), Martin (52) and Robert (40)—in training camp, but he will reunite them for at least the first few weeks of the regular schedule. However, if the Connection continues to ignore defense, Smith is ready to break up the line again. Martin had bone-fusion surgery on his right thumb during the summer, and it is now slightly shorter than his left. Will he now score only 40 goals a year? "No," Martin says, "I'm shooting much more accurately than I used to." Buffalo's most complete but unsung line features penalty-killers deluxe Don Luce and Craig Ramsay along with Right Wing Danny Gare; they managed to score 90 goals last year while playing against the oppositions' highest-scoring lines. The temperamental Richard adds still more scoring power, but the Sabres will miss the muscle and 31 goals of WHA defector Rick Dudley.

RICK CHARTRAW: AT MONTREAL TO MAKE UP FOR A SURFEIT OF OFFENSIVE DEFENSEMEN

On defense, Captain Jim Schoenfeld works with tough Jerry (King-Kong) Korab, while Guevremont teams with lanky Bill Hajt—the most unspectacular Sabre defenseman but perhaps the most effective. However Buffalo must replace the traded Larry Carriere. The normally talkative Schoenfeld has adopted a new close-mouthed posture. "I think I talked too much about the team last year," he says. "I used to wonder if I said the right thing, and maybe it affected my play." The Buffalo goaltending situation remains questionable. Gerry Desjardins, Roger Crozier and Gary Bromley are back, and rookie Robert Sauve has been impressive, but the Sabres still lack the Parent or Dryden who could take them to the Cup.

Up in Montreal, Bowman seems perplexed about the prospects for his Canadiens, who tied Buffalo and Philadelphia with 113 regular-season points to top the NHL last year. "I'd really like to have two different clubs," he says "A big, tough fighting team to play Philadelphia, and a fast, checking defensive squad to play Buffalo." With this in mind, Bowman intends to keep only one forward unit intact all year—Center Doug Risebrough and Wings Mario Tremblay and Yvon Lambert—and rotate his other skaters as the situation demands. For instance, Guy Lafleur, who finally arrived last season with 53 goals, will play right wing for Center Peter Mahovlich (35 goals and 82 assists) against some rivals but move to center against others. In training camp the elusive Lafleur seemed to be working overtime on the old "dive" trick whenever an opponent came within checking range. "Lafleur may even beat

continued

out Philadelphia's Bill Barber for a place on the Canadian Olympic diving team," says one Boston player. Yvon Cournoyer slumped miserably a year ago, scoring only 29 goals and rarely breaking away, but he seems to have regained his legs. "He's a goal scorer," Bowman says, "not a fancy playmaker." For added scoring, the Canadiens, who led the NHL with 374 goals in 1974-75, have Steve Shutt (30 goals), Yvon Lambert (32), Murray Wilson (24), Jacques Lemaire (36) and Tremblay (21). "Offensively, we have the best personnel in the game," says Bowman.

Defensively, Montreal has a surplus of offensive defensemen particularly Serge Savard (29 goals) and Guy Lapointe (28)—but lacks a supply of Ed Van Impe-type defensemen who don't mind leaving the scoring to others. Indeed, Don Awrey (always) and Larry Robinson (occasionally) are the only Montreal defensemen who worry about the welfare of Goaltenders Dryden and Bunny Larocque. Rookie Rick Chartraw, a disturber, could be the Van Impe poleax that the Canadiens have not had since the days of Ted Harris. In goal, Dryden, moving more naturally now than he did last season in his comeback, will play about 60 games, with Larocque working the rest. "We need consistency in the goal," says Bowman "but better checking will help provide it."

There *are* two changes in Montreal. Jean Julien has been hired as the new organist, with orders to hype the normally subdued French crowd, and for the first time in almost 35 years there will not be a Richard in the Canadiens lineup. Henri Richard has retired, passing the captaincy to Cournoyer, and with his departure hockey may have seen the end of the era of the Flying Frenchmen in Montreal.

DARK HORSES: It has been 35 years since the New York Rangers won the Stanley Cup—next season it figures to be 36. The 35th annual Ranger rebuilding program began on schedule last spring following the club's shocking preliminary round elimination from the playoffs by the neighboring Islanders. For starters, General Manager Emile Francis has relinquished his position as coach—for the third time—and selected Ron Stewart as his successor. Stewart hopes to survive longer than Francis' two previous handpicked replacements, Boom Boom Geoffrion and Harry Popein, neither of whom lasted a season. Next, Francis reached for his checkbook and lured Center Wayne Dillon, 21, and Left Wing Pat Hickey, 22, from the WHA's Toronto Toros. Then, in desperate need of a young goaltender, Francis phoned his friends in St. Louis and, presto, 22-year-old John Davidson took the next underground-railroad express to Madison Square Garden's basement, which is also known as Penn Station.

Trouble is, to get Davidson, Francis gave the Blues his three policemen, Ted Irvine, Jerry Butler and Bert Wilson. Which means that with the retirement of Dale Rolfe, the Rangers are practically bereft of defensive defensemen. Brad Park has a middle-aged paunch and bad knees; Gilles Marotte falls for even the worst fakes and screens his goaltenders too much; and 21-year-old Ron Greschner, strong offensively, habitually penetrates the attacking zone too deeply and gets hopelessly trapped out of position. Behind the leaky defense, Davidson—one of the quintet of Ranger-owned goalies collecting some $600,000 in salaries this year—will doubtlessly be tutored by his playing partner, either Eddie Giacomin or Gilles Villemure. The newcomer permits too many rebounds and moves clumsily when he leaves his net to clear loose pucks.

Up front the high-octane Ranger attack could explode if Center Walt Tkaczuk rediscovers the work ethic. Jean Ratelle (36 goals) centers the top line for Rod Gilbert (36)—the new owner of a 15-room, seven-fireplace $325,000 Manhattan townhouse—and Steve Vickers (41). Dillon, who scored 59 goals in his two WHA seasons, centers the Kid Line of Hickey and injury-prone Rick Middleton. Tkaczuk, who had only 11 goals a year ago, and Bill Fairbairn are definites on the third line, with rookie Jerry Holland and Derek Sanderson among other candidates.

The real question around New York, though, is: Will success spoil the Islanders? "Bleep last season," says Coach Al Arbour, "it's gone." The Islanders, remember, eliminated both the Rangers and the Penguins from the Cup playoffs and then extended the champion Flyers to seven games in the semifinals. Unlike the Rangers, the Islanders did not rebuild. In fact, there is only one new regular in their lineup—20-year-old Bryan Trottier, who centers the top line for Wings Billy Harris and body-bender Clark Gillies. "Trottier's like Gilbert Perreault, except he's not as dynamic yet," says Defenseman Denis Potvin. Harris, the only pure scorer among the Islander forwards, has never had a center with Trottier's playmaking ability and as a result has endured long scoring droughts, such as last season's depressing 22-game streak. Minnesota rejects Jude Drouin and J.P. Parise work the Ol' Folks second line with Eddie Westfall, while Garry Howatt and dogged Bob Nystrom man the wings on the third line.

Defensively, the Islanders recorded the third-best goals-against average in the league a year ago thanks to Arbour's patient teaching. If Bobby Orr remains sidelined for long, Potvin could end his hold on the Norris Trophy awarded the league's top defenseman. "Maybe I'll do it anyway," says Potvin, who led the Islanders with 21 goals and 55 assists. "One problem is that I've never played well against Orr, particularly in Boston." Besides Potvin, the Islanders offer such defensive types as Bert Marshall, now known as Shirley because of his perm, Dave Lewis; Gerry Hart, whose size (5'9") obscures his efficiency, Dave Fortier; Jean Potvin; and Pat Price, a 20-year-old bust in the WHA but learning now under Arbour. Goaltenders Billy Smith and Glenn (Chico) Resch could be more consistent.

What the Islanders lack is a power play. For some reason Arbour, a former defenseman who never skated on a power play himself, cannot settle on five players as specialists; consequently, the Islanders usually are the best penalty-killers the opposition has.

Boston will have an Islander-style power play until Orr returns from his most recent knee surgery, probably in mid-November. Once again Coach Don Cherry is stressing backchecking, forechecking and aggression in the defensive zone—in other words, those areas of sound hockey in which the Bruins have never excelled. "I'm not interested in goals anymore," Cherry says. "If a guy gets caught for a lot of goals-against, I'm yanking him. I wasn't prepared for the

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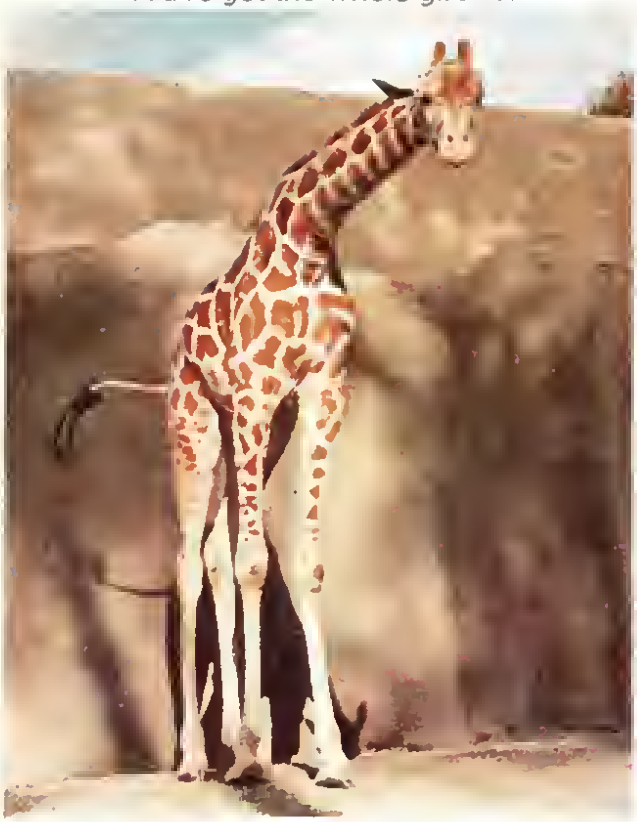

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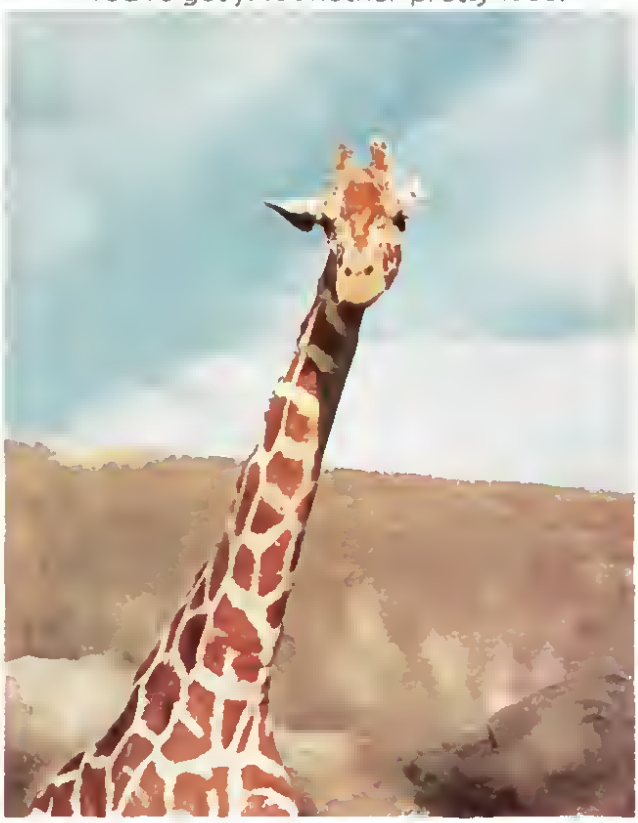

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complacency and lack of aggressiveness we had here last year, now the players better be prepared for what will happen if they don't get out there and really invade the corners." How tough will Cherry be? He canceled the team's annual preseason golf-and-party bash, claiming it set too frivolous a tone.

The *new* Phil Esposito will skate shorter shifts and will not kill penalties. Esposito scored 61 goals but was a one-man line a year ago, when Left Wing Wayne Cashman spent much of the season in traction because of bone chips in his lower back and Right Wing Ken Hodge inexplicably forgot how to play hockey, slumping from 50 goals to 23. "It will be different this year," Esposito says. As always, the Bruins will be virtually a one-line team on attack, which means that rivals still will be able to assign checking specialists to the Esposito troika and not worry about getting hurt too badly by Boston's other units, centered by Gregg Sheppard (30 goals) and Andre Savard (19). Johnny Bucyk is 40 going on 49 but still wields a quick stick around the goalmouth on power plays, while Terry O'Reilly is a robust corner stalker.

On defense, Carol Vadnais will attempt to maintain some semblance of order in Orr's absence. Rookie Doug Halward provides puck-handling finesse, but Boston still lacks a muscleman who can forcefully persuade rival forwards not to linger around the net. Goaltender Gilles Gilbert must overcome his hypochondria and play consistently; if he doesn't, Dave Reece of Troy, New York and the University of Vermont will take the regular job. "Once Orr comes back," says Esposito, "we'll be all right." If it's not too late.

In Los Angeles, flashy Marcel Dionne will remove some of the boredom from the staid, slow, successful defensive games the Kings have patented under Coach Bob Pulford. Mike Murphy works the right side for Dionne, but Pulford will rotate several left wings—notably Bob Berry and pugnacious Dave Hutchison—until he finds the best combination. Pulford has dismantled his off-Broadway line of former Rangers Gene Carr, Tom Williams and Murphy; Carr now plays left wing, not center, and Williams will shuttle between various lines. Center Butch Goring is healthy again, after almost losing his left eye when Denis Potvin's skate shattered his orbit bone last March. He will work with Right Wing Bob Nevin on a regular line and as a penalty killer. One problem: Pulford needs a muscleman to replace Danny Maloney, who was sent to Detroit in the Dionne deal.

Pulford's defense is solidly unspectacular, with no Orr types, just half a dozen players like Bob Murdoch, Larry Brown, Neil Komadoski and Shelly Kannegiesser, who do not mind exposing their dentures to flying pucks. Goaltenders Rogatien Vachon and Gary Edwards, the main beneficiaries of those puck swallowers, trailed only Philadelphia's Bernie Parent in goals-against average a year ago. Vachon again will play twice as many games as Edwards, who could be traded for a policeman if Pulford cannot locate another Maloney. Would you believe Dionne for Maloney again?

THE PACK: Yes, the Penguins are back in Pittsburgh after spending most of the off-season waddling through bankruptcy court. New President Wren (Bird) Blair, long the general manager of the Minnesota North Stars, has instituted a total austerity program, raised the price of the average ticket from $5.75 to a full $7 and advised his well-paid chattels that they had better produce, now! On paper, Pittsburgh is a deep, sound, tough team that had the sixth-best record in the NHL last season. The problem is, most of the Penguins are what Coach Marc Boileau calls "followers." "What we need," Boileau admits, "is one guy to kick fannies in our dressing room. Why is it that we lose to the Flyers in Philadelphia by scores of 4–0, 6–0 and 9–0 but beat them in Pittsburgh by scores of 6–1 and 8–2? Character! We don't have enough character yet." So why doesn't Boileau give them some character? Well, the fiery coach and some of his top players often seem to be operating on different wave lengths.

On the ice, the Penguins are strong through center with Syl Apps, Ron Schock and flashy Pierre Larouche, who scored 31 goals last year as a rookie; physical up front with Battleship Kelly and Vic Hadfield; smooth with Wings Jean Pronovost (43 goals) and Rick Kehoe (32); and rugged on defense, where they are led by Dave Burrows, who does everything well except attract attention. Pittsburgh's top draft choice, Gordie Laxton, is pressing holdovers Gary (The Scholar) Inness and erratic Michel Plasse for the regular goaltending job. "Instead of believing we're a good team," Boileau says, "we've got to start playing like a good team—and not just in the Civic Arena, either."

The Vancouver Canucks, who won the poverty-pocket Smythe Division championship last season despite having

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BRYAN TROTTIER: A CRISP PLAYMAKER FOR THE ISLANDERS' FIRST LINE

only the ninth-best record in the NHL, have been wandering around North America like a band of nomads—playing seven and eight road games in a row and staying away from home for as long as three weeks. No more. Thanks to boss man Phil Maloney's lobbying tactics at NHL control, the Canucks now make more road trips but play only three or four games on most junkets. Better still, Maloney has added some size to Vancouver's generally tiny lineup, top-draft Right Wing Rick Blight (6′2″, 195 pounds) and burly Defenseman Harold Snepsts (6′3″, 200) having won regular jobs. Maloney has tinkered slightly with his attack, too, moving sneaky Don Lever (38 goals last year) from left wing to center. John Gould (34 goals), Gerry O'Flaherty (25) and diminutive Center André Boudrias (62 assists) key the attack with Lever, but the grittiest Canuck forward is Center Chris Oddleifson, who had his jaw broken last season and still scored 16 goals. Bob (Waldo) Dailey, who at 6′5″ and 215 pounds is the NHL's biggest player, anchors the defense, while Goaltender Gary Smith is in the best shape of his life, having dropped 17 pounds to a svelte 207.

Toronto has started another youth program; old hands Dave Keon and Norm Ullman have switched to the WHA and Ron Ellis and Eddie (The Entertainer) Shack have discovered retirement. Wayne Thomas, who played spectator for the Canadiens a year ago, solves the crisis in goal, and Swede Borje Salming—the first European ever to be voted to the NHL's all-star team—directs the defense, where aggressive Bob Neely (ankle) and Ian Turnbull (knee) have returned from disabling injuries. Salming also missed 20 games with three different injuries a year ago. With Salming, the Maple Leafs had a 26-21-13 record; without him, they were 5-12-3. Captain Darryl Sittler (36 goals), rough George Ferguson and rookie Don Ashby handle center, but the Leafs are weak on the wings. For muscle, they offer hockey's new John Ferguson in Tiger Williams, a crude wing who fights like Joe Frazier—taking two and giving one, but the one hurts.

Billy Reay has outlasted 86 coaches since the NHL's expansion in 1967. However, Reay may envy those 86 this season as he watches his Chicago Black Hawks stumble around the ice. Tony Esposito will still play just about every game in goal, and cool Bill White, pugnacious Phil Russell and smooth Dick Redmond will rarely be embarrassed on defense. Up front, slick Stan Mikita (36 goals) centers a potential "big" line for Wings Cliff Koroll (27 goals) and Dennis Hull, who slumped to just 16 goals in 1974-75. Reay also has harnessed a terror trio of Ivan Boldirev, Grant Mulvey and John Marks and resurrected Bobby Sheehan from the WHA and the Weymouth, Mass pubs to work at center for Darcy Rota and Pit Martin. "Give me good material and I'll coach as long as Casey Stengel managed," Reay says. Unfortunately, Reay's material is looking threadbare.

The Atlanta Flames are not strong enough to gain a playoff spot in the Patrick Division but probably could qualify in any other division. Coach Fred Creighton, who replaced Boom Boom Geoffrion midway through the 1974-75 schedule, will alternate Goaltenders Danny (Please call me Daniel) Bouchard and Phil Myre, the strongest tandem in the

DON ASHBY, CENTERING FOR TORONTO, WITH DAVE KEON AND NORM ULLMAN GONE

NHL. Barry Gibbs, sceured from Minnesota last January, and top-draft Richard Mulhern move the puck well on defense, and Larry Carriere, acquired from Buffalo in the Jacques Richard deal, provides much-needed muscle. Center Tom Lysiak (25 goals and 52 assists) still must forget all those not-so-subtle moves that worked in junior hockey—like playing the puck with his feet—but he is expected to mature under Creighton. "Geoffrion had only one way for me to do things," he says. "Freddy has opened up the game for me." Left Wing Eric Vail (39 goals), the league's Rookie of the Year for 1974-75, will miss at least the first month of the schedule with a broken collarbone, crippling the already-weak Atlanta attack. Center Guy Chouinard, as flashy as Lysiak is methodical, starts the season in Nova Scotia, only a phone call away.

And now, here on our show, from the Arena in St. Louis—Sid the Third's Goon Squad Review. This season's master plan for the Blues emphasizes muscle, not finesse, and Owner Sid Salomon III can call on such body benders as Bert Wilson, Ted Irvine, Jerry Butler, Floyd Thomson, Barclay Plager, Bob Plager and Bob Gassoff (222 penalty minutes in 1974-75). Even the two major talents on the St. Louis roster, Center Garry Unger (36 goals) and Right Wing Pierre Plante (34 goals), each spent two hours in penalty boxes last year. Penalties aside, St. Louis' chief problems are on defense, where only 20-year-old Bob Hess seems to know what to do with the puck once he gets it, and in goal, where 39-year-old Eddie Johnston may have to play more than he instructs if Gilles Gratton and Yves Belanger fail to perform up to their press clippings.

PUSHOVERS: Ted Harris skated on five Stanley Cup champions, including the 1975 Philadelphia Flyers, and performed for both Toe Blake and Fred Shero. However, as Harris, the new coach in Minnesota, no doubt has already discovered, neither Toe Shero nor Fred Blake could mastermind the North Stars into the playoffs. For the misnamed North Stars, it is a crisis season as they battle the feisty Fighting Saints of the WHA for Minnesota's hockey dollar. Minnesota initiated a reconstruction project midway through the 1974-75 schedule by trading off several members of the Old Gang, such as Barry Gibbs, J. P. Parise and Jude Drouin, but the North Stars hardly got full value in return. Harris inherited a crude and inept corps of defensemen but expected quick relief from top-draft Bryan Maxwell. Alas, the North Stars could not meet Maxwell's dollar demands and lost him to the WHA. Worse still is the goaltending situation. Ancient Cesare Maniago will play about 30 games and also coach youngsters Pete LoPresti and Paul Harrison.

Up front, Dennis Hextall, who turned pacifist last season, has promised to "keep my mouth shut" and play tough hockey again, but Bill Goldsworthy (37 goals a year ago) is the only forward who knows where the net is. To counter all these deficiencies, Harris hopes to instill some Flyer-style aggressiveness and intimidate his way to a better record. "Dropping gloves and throwing punches always will be part of hockey," he says.

At long last Detroit has acquired a glove dropper and punch thrower in the person of tough Dan Maloney. The Red Wings have been the punching bags of the NHL ever since Gordie Howe retired his elbows. Maloney, who scored 27 goals for the Kings last year, also will play cop for 50-goal scorers Danny Grant and Mickey Redmond, and he may inspire some of the timid Red Wings to bring along their muscle on the road. Redmond seems completely recovered from last season's back surgery, while Bill Lochead, the top draft and top flop of a year ago, is 15 pounds lighter and considerably quicker. Detroit's alleged defense is what new Coach Doug Barkley calls "below NHL standards." Fancy Jean Hamel, scrappy Bryan (Bugsy) Watson and rich rookie Rick Lapointe are in desperate need of instant help. In theory, at least, it is on the way. If Terry Harper, a crafty 13-year veteran of the NHL wars, ever reports from Los Angeles, the Red Wings' defense will be upgraded to "average NHL."

The California Lame Ducks—er, Seals—are playing in Oakland until the completion of their new building across the bay in San Francisco. Then again, if their new owners do not locate some well-heeled investors, the Seals may not be playing anyplace. New Coach Jack Evans must contend not only with inexperience among his key players but also with a front office filled with expert second-guessers. Goaltenders Gilles Meloche and Gary Simmons play erratically, as do top Defensemen Jim Neilson and injury-prone Bob Stewart. Although 19-year-old Rick Hampton, last season's No. 1 draft selection, understandably failed to live up to management's hyperbolic billing as the "New Bobby Orr," he could emerge as California's best defenseman if the front office ever stops hassling him. Dave (Wrecker) Hrechkosy and Larry Patey, who scored 29 and 25 goals respectively as rookies last season, lead the attack and expect considerable help from top-draft Ralph Klassen, a strong center. Unfortunately, veteran Wing Jim Pappin (36 goals last year) failed to report to the Seals after being obtained from Chicago, and Center Stan Weir (18 goals) was dispatched to Toronto in a questionable deal for another wing, Gary Sabourin.

Kansas City picked second in the NHL's amateur draft last spring and selected a strong winger named Barry Dean who was, General Manager Sid Abel said enthusiastically, "in a class with Wilf Paiement," last season's No. 1 draft, who tied veteran Simon Nolet for the club lead with 26 goals. However, the Scouts did not meet Dean's salary demands and lost him to the WHA. Kansas City did acquire three widely traveled veterans—Denis Dupere, Craig Patrick and Gary Bergman—in an effort to remain stronger than Washington. "Playing for Kansas City was very interesting," former Flyer Nolet told Bobby Clarke. "All the guys who wouldn't dare run at me in Philadelphia suddenly began running at me."

Washington realized it probably would have been unable to sign the NHL's No. 1 amateur draft choice, so the Capitals wisely traded the pick to Philadelphia for Center Bill Clement and other considerations. Clement, a persistent checker with a good scoring touch, and Hartland Monahan, who is Boom Boom Geoffrion's son-in-law, add spirit to the Caps, who were the worst team in hockey history last year, winning only eight games. They will win at least nine games this season. Maybe even 10.

continued

RICK LAPOINTE: NEW MUSCLE FOR THE RED WINGS' WOEFUL DEFENSE

WHA WEST The word in Houston was that Gordie Howe was finally hanging up his skates, a development that seemed all but assured when the Aeros elevated their 47-year-old wonder to the club presidency. So what was the boss' first big executive decision? To play another season, of course. Declaring that "it's nice to know you're still wanted," Gordie had the word PRESIDENT sewn on the back of his jersey and, just like that, skated out for another pro season, his 28th.

Howe's presence doubtless will help lure fans into The Summit, the new 15,000-seat arena considered crucial to Houston's hope of reducing the flow of red ink, a bane of the 3-year-old WHA generally. But Gordie also remains a formidable right wing, and it would be no surprise if he winds up leading sons Mark and Marty and the other Aeros to their third straight WHA championship. It might even be the romp it was last year, when Houston put together the league's most potent attack and stingiest defense during the regular season, then breezed through the playoffs with a five-game triumph over Cleveland followed by four-game sweeps of San Diego and Quebec.

The lineup for the powerhouse of the "other" league is virtually intact. Gordie and 20-year-old Mark, a sharpshooting left wing, are among no fewer than 10 returning 20-goal scorers, a deep and talented group that also includes, notably, 48-goal man Frank Hughes, who married the "other" motorcycle daredevil, Debbie Lawler, in August. Marty Howe, a two-year veteran at 21, shares defenseman's duties with scrappy John Schella and WHA All-Star Poul Popiel. Goalie Ron Grahame, a rookie last season, led the league with a 3.03 goals-against average, then won the Gordie Howe Trophy, which is what the WHA awards the MVP in its playoffs. To all this Houston has added 18-year-old John Tonelli, a highly touted center, in an underage signing that brought a wrist slapping by the WHA and the threat of litigation by the Toronto Marlboros, Tonelli's amateur club. Gloats General Manager-Coach Bill Dineen: "I don't think any team in either league has the talent we do."

BARRY DEAN: SPURNING THE NHL TO WING IT WITH THE WHA ROADRUNNERS

Such comparisons with the NHL are overdrawn, but not by much. If only because of the diluted quality of the expanded and reexpanded NHL, the WHA is closer to parity of talent than the upstart AFL was at a similar stage or than the ABA is even today. The WHA might have pulled closer still had Minnesota succeeded in its $4 million bid for Bobby Orr. But the Fighting Saints did grab 35-year-old Dave Keon, the Toronto Maple Leafs' alltime scoring leader, and wooed Henry Boucha away from their arch-rivals, the Minnesota North Stars. Boucha is still bothered by the eye injury suffered in the Dave Forbes fracas, but his defection is a big blow in the raging interleague battle between Minnesota's two pro hockey teams.

While Houston and Minnesota are the only safe bets, it is not inconceivable that, as it did last year, the West could again account for four of the WHA's eight playoff spots. Phoenix, which sneaked into the playoffs as a rookie-dominated expansion club, expects a full season from Cam Connor, a 6'2", 205-pound enforcer who missed 20 games with a broken ankle. The Roadrunners also have signed Left Wing Barry Dean, a young hotshot drafted No. 1 by the NHL Kansas City Scouts. A protein diet and weight training have been introduced to beef up the sophomore club, which President Bill MacFarland insists is already one of the WHA's three best.

San Diego is led by shifty little Andre Lacroix, the WHA's alltime scoring leader, and 20-goal Defenseman Kevin Morrison, but salary disputes and the firing of Coach Harry Howell, who took the Mariners to the WHA semifinals, suggest that the team might be suffering from the shorts. The Mariners still have more firepower than Denver, a new club composed largely of refugees from the defunct Chicago Cougars, including second-year man Gary MacGregor (44 goals). Owner Ivan Mullenix says that the Spurs must draw well at the new McNichols Sports Arena right away. Otherwise, Denver's stay in big-league hockey could be exactly 27 years shorter than Gordie Howe's.

EAST As an expansion franchise last season, the Indianapolis Racers staggered to an 18-57-3 record, worst in the WHA. Now the Racers have signed veteran Defenseman Pat Stapleton, and President Jim Browitt is talking big. "With Pat's arrival, we look to a playoff spot and a winning team," he says. Presumably he means this season. Don't count on it.

Browitt's optimism is not entirely baseless, however, for the Racers compete in the WHA's weakest division. Indeed, the East's only shoo-in for a playoff berth is New England. The one team besides Houston to win a league title—in the '72-'73 inaugural season—the Whalers finally gave up try-

continued

Bill Wirtz, President of the Chicago Blackhawks, handles his leisure time with style ... aboard his yacht, *Blackhawk*.

OLD FITZGERALD BOURBON

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof and 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, Old Fitzgerald Dist. Inc., Louisville, Ky. Est. 1849.

"I invite you to taste what the well-dressed smoker will wear this year."

John Weitz

I'm John Weitz, the men's fashion designer. And I'm suggesting you sample new Capitán cigars.

I promise a very interesting experience to any man who prides himself on knowing what a good, sensibly priced cigar ought to be.

The experts who created Capitán, tell me the secret lies in the combination of tobaccos selected.

My taste tells me they've achieved a very special kind of mildness with their blend of imported filler tobaccos.

And then they've balanced this with the mellow richness of the genuine dark African Cameroon wrapper.

I've smoked a lot of cigars in the last twenty years and my opinion is Capitán is one of the most distinctive. That's why I was eager to suggest that a cigar like this ought to be packaged just as distinctively.

Because, my feeling is that a man of style today is interested in his total look. So we started with the Capitán shapes. We decided on just four, all trim and youthful. Your face looks good in them.

Then I designed the 5-pack like a personal cigar case instead of a billboard. The band, too, is simple. It carries just the handsome symbol of a mariner's compass. Right down to the maroon color, Capitán packaging was meant to complement your clothes.

Finally, we decided to design a Capitán box for 25 cigars. For two reasons.

Because we think you'll feel comfortable about keeping it on your desk top. And, supplies of 25 mean fresher smoking for you. Little things, maybe, but important.

Capitán is at cigar counters now. I invite you to try them. Believe me, I wouldn't if I didn't think your taste was going to like our taste.

All cigars shown actual size

Capitán

You never looked so good in a cigar in your life.

ing to buck the Bruins in Boston and moved last year to Hartford, Conn., where empty seats in the new 10,507-capacity civic center Coliseum were gratifyingly few.

It has no doubt contributed to their acceptance in the insurance capital that the Whalers have a bit of an institutional flavor themselves. Let others have their Howes and Hulls, the Whalers get what scoring they need from such relatively faceless forwards as Tom Webster (40 goals), Wayne Carleton (35) and Larry Pleau (30). "People say we're dull," concedes Winger Webster, an ex-NHLer who has played for New England since the team's founding. "But we're solid. We're a super hockey team."

Still, the Whalers' basically conservative approach did not prevent them from staging another of those controversial underage signings for which the WHA is famous. This one yielded Gordie Roberts, a hard-skating innocent of 18 who joins a corps of fine defensemen that includes Brad Selwood, Rick Ley and Sweden's Thommy Abrahamsson. But easy come, easy go. New England lost a player when Goalie Al Smith decided to give up hockey. The job may go to Christer Abrahamsson, Thommy's twin brother, and in large part the Whalers' hopes of overtaking Houston depend on how well Christer has recovered from surgery on his right knee.

So steep is the dropoff after the Whalers that the runner-up spot could go to Cincinnati, an expansion team that, like a Hollywood epic, has been two years in the making. In a kind of lend-lease arrangement, the Stingers started signing players in 1973 and then shrewdly let other WHA teams use them—on a salary-sharing basis. Now, with the $20 million Riverfront Coliseum ready for occupancy, back come 32-goal scorer Dennis Sobchuk and hustling Defenseman John Hughes, both of whom acquired seasoning at Phoenix. Add Winger Rick Dudley, a fugitive from the NHL Buffalo Sabres, and you have the makings of a lively intrastate rivalry with Cleveland, which compensates for a punchless offense—or tries to, anyway—with Gerry Cheevers' inspired goaltending. The Crusaders should also get a lift from Bryan Maxwell, a rookie defenseman whose tough-guy reputation leads him to conclude perceptively, "I guess I'll have to establish myself early."

So where does this leave Indianapolis? As part of his commendable campaign to overhaul the Racers, resourceful Jim Browitt sent a couple of marginal players to a Swedish club in exchange for Goalie Leif Holmquist in hockey's first intercontinental trade. And, as Browitt insists, the acquisition of Pat Stapleton will help. But Stapleton himself says that a complete turnaround "will take longer than some people think." Pat Stapleton knows whereof he speaks. He was formerly player, coach and part owner of the WHA's Chicago franchise—which folded.

CANADA The Toronto Toros and Winnipeg Jets held training camps in Sweden and Finland respectively, which is just one of the novelties in this division. Another is speculation that a couple of the Canadian clubs may soon be turning—don't faint—profits. Save for the fact that no Canadian team has yet won the WHA championship, you could call this the league's most successful division.

The likeliest candidate to end the title drought is Quebec, last year's runner-up to Houston. Nordique fans whip themselves into a Gallic frenzy when Defenseman J. C. Tremblay, that stylish stickhandler, does nothing more than clear the puck, so you can imagine how they react when the potent goal-scoring machine of Serge Bernier (54), Marc Tardif (50) and Rejean Houle (40) puts another one in the nets. The speedy Nordiques remain deficient in muscle, but newcomer Gord Gallant should get them out of the 98-pound-weakling class. Gallant arrives from Minnesota, where he led the WHA with 203 penalty minutes before making himself expendable by punching Fighting Saint Coach Harry Neale.

If things are looking better in Winnipeg, credit both the handsome mop covering Bobby Hull's once-bald pate and—speaking of transplants—the team's growing horde of Scandinavians. Hull, the league's MVP, scored an unprecedented 77 goals last season and joined with his Swedish linemates, WHA rookie-of-the-year Anders Hegberg and 120-point scorer Ulf Nilsson, to form the WHA's, if not all hockey's, most explosive line. Hegberg and Nilsson provided such value—neither earns more than $60,000—that the Jets have bullishly raised their total of Swedish and Finnish players to nine. A playoff berth ought to mean black ink in Winnipeg.

Another club with a chance to make money is Edmonton, which tied for last place last season yet led the WHA with a home-attendance average of 10,722. Goalie Dave Dryden, Ken's older brother, and longtime NHL Center Norm Ullman have arrived and along with Winger Mike Rogers, a 35-goal scorer as a rookie, should give the Oilers the upper hand in the budding rivalry with nearby Calgary, which is where the Vancouver Blazers wound up after being chased out of town by the NHL Canucks. Renamed the Cowboys and operating out of a 6,445-seat arena evocatively named the Stampede Corral, the club is short of able defensemen, which means that Goaltender Don McLeod will have to contend with the shootout in front of his net all by his lonesome.

Toronto should finish ahead of both Edmonton and Calgary, but strange things are happening. The Toros let Wayne Dillon and Pat Hickey, both good young prospects, slip away to the NHL's New York Rangers, and those are just two of the reasons why season-ticket sales are off by 25%. Another is the oddly dispirited play of Frank Mahovlich, who ranks behind only Howe and Hull among the sport's alltime leading scorers. Mahovlich, a $200,000-a-year man, is drawing more boos from Toronto fans playing for the hometown Toros than he ever did in the uniform of the despised Montreal Canadiens.

Coach Bob Baun, an aggressive sort as an NHL defenseman, may yet succeed in imposing the necessary discipline on the Toros, whose still-talented ranks also include Czech Center Vaclav Nedomansky, 52-goal scorer Tom Simpson and bruising Defenseman Jim Dorey. Meanwhile, the suspicion lingers that the Toros trained in Sweden only because Owner John F. Bassett Jr. wanted to spare Torontonians the sight of the team. Of the decline in ticket sales, Bassett says, "You can't blame subscribers for canceling, not with the garbage product they put up with last year." So there is another novelty in this division: candor. **END**

BABE PART 3

Magnetic as always and magnificent in performance, she made a sport—women's golf—and it made her, assuring her lasting fame

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON
and NANCY WILLIAMSON

It was her versatility, her excellence in so many sports—basketball, hurdles, discus, high jump, javelin, swimming, tennis, bowling—that made Babe Didrikson Zaharias singular, a woman athlete without peer. But it was golf that brought her lasting fame—and most of the million dollars she earned in her lifetime. She was not the best woman golfer of her era. That distinction belongs to a splendid Briton, Joyce Wethered, who won the British amateur four times in the '20s, turned professional for a brief, profitable U. S. tour in the mid-'30s, then wed Lord Heathcoat-Amory and retired behind the genteel hedges of an estate in Devon.

But Babe Zaharias created big-time women's golf. She launched it as a legitimate sport and brought gusts of freshness and fun to a game too often grim. She joked and clowned and had a rapport with fans that is rare. She had the ability to be cocky with charm, and the galleries loved her. Her booming power game lowered scores and forced others to imitate her. And had it not been for her death—in 1956 when she was just 45—she would reign as the game's dowager queen.

When Babe won her first golf tournament—the 1935 Texas women's championship—Grantland Rice took note in his celebrated tin-ear doggerel:

From the high jump of Olympic fame,
The hurdles and the rest,
The javelin that flashed its flame
On by the record test
The Texas Babe now shifts the scene
Where slashing drives are far
Where spoon shots find the distant green
To break the back of par.

But Babe, then 23, had had to crack something much more testing than the back of par—Texas golf society. She had no pedigree, coming as she did from a dead-end neighborhood in Beaumont, no money and not much social grace. Her gold medals from the 1932 Olympics counted for little among the country-club set, and her fame had already faded. There was only her golf game, at that point strong but scarcely smooth. When she entered the Texas event, a member of the Texas Women's Golf Association

named Peggy Chandler declared, "We really don't need any truck drivers' daughters in our tournament."

Several women withdrew from a driving contest that preceded the tournament, implying that Babe was too manly for them to compete against. Babe purposely dubbed drive after drive with an exaggerated girlish swing—except one that she hit 250 yards to win.

In the tournament she overwhelmed her first three opponents and won her semifinal match in the rain on the 18th hole with a 20-foot putt that spurted water across the green. In the final she met none other than Peggy Chandler, and the match was B-movie material, scruffy poor girl vs. snobbish rich girl. They played 36 holes before a large gallery. By the 26th hole Peggy Chandler was 3 up, but Babe rallied, and on the 30th hole she drew even. On the 34th hole, a long par-5, Peggy Chandler put her third shot on the green close to the cup and a birdie seemed certain. Babe's drive had been a wild 250-yarder into a ditch. Her second, a three-iron, carried over the green, the ball coming to rest in a rut containing an inch of water. Her next shot was pure penny-dreadful heroics, a pitch that rolled into the hole for an eagle 3. The golfers halved the 35th and Babe won the 36th to take the match 2 up.

Now, if the B-movie scenario were truly followed, Babe would have been welcomed into the perfumed society of Texas golf. Instead, the U.S. Golf Association, acting on information presumably supplied by some of the Texas women, ruled that it was in "the best interest of the game" that Babe Didrikson be barred

continued

BABE *continued*

from amateur golf, that she was a professional. This meant Babe was eligible to compete in only one tournament, the Western Open. There was no other event in the world for women pros (the U.S. Women's Open was first played in 1946). Babe turned for help to R. L. and Bertha Bowen of Fort Worth, friends she had made during the Texas tournament. R. L. was president of Community Public Service, an electric light and power company. Bertha was one of the group that ran women's golf in the state, and she had been appalled at the clawing Babe had received. The Bowens invited Babe to their home. They called a lawyer; they contacted the USGA; it was no use. About the only thing they could do was start their own tournament for Babe and pros like her, the Texas Women's Open. Bertha recalls, "I was furious that Babe had been cut off. I was criticized by some of my friends for befriending Babe. They'd ask, 'Why are you fooling around with *that* girl?' "

Babe had rough edges then and her association with the Bowens supplied some social polish. "She was so poor it was pitiful," Bertha says. "One night we were invited to a formal party and we asked Babe to come along. She hemmed and hawed because she didn't have any clothes. Well, we got her an evening dress and she took one look at it and said, 'I'm not going to wear that naked thing.' She was very modest. We had to chase her all over the house before we could get the dress on her. We finally cornered her in the kitchen and forced her into it."

Most members of the Texas Women's Golf Association remained cool toward the Bowens' protégée; the ladies kept telling Bertha that Babe really must wear a girdle when she played golf. Babe put one on, played a round and returned in a frenzy to the Bowens. "I heard the car come screeching in the driveway," says Bertha, "and Babe came tearing into the house. She was yelling, 'Goddam! I'm chokin' to death!' As far as I know, she never put on a girdle again." (Nonetheless, Babe's favorite wisecrack to galleries was: "When I wanta really blast one, I just loosen my girdle and let 'er fly!")

The metamorphosis in Babe's appearance was considerable, but there seemed no solution to the problem of making a living from sport. With only two tournaments open to her, Babe had no choice but to go on the road. In the summer of 1935 she toured with Gene Sarazen. They played 18-hole exhibitions, Babe receiving $150 for each, a solid sum in those Depression times, when many teachers got less than $1,300 a year. Sarazen, now 73, remembers, "She was still a big draw because of the Olympics. One odd thing, she always wanted to be paid in one-dollar bills. I'd go to write her a check and she'd say, 'No, Squire, make it in ones.' Then she'd stack them up and mail them to her bank in Beaumont."

In 1938 Babe married George Zaharias, then a prosperous wrestler who made as much as $15,000 a night, and for a considerable time that ended her financial concerns. By 1940 she felt able to publicly renounce professional golf, and she settled down to the prescribed three-year purification period that would enable her to regain her amateur status. On Jan. 21, 1943 she celebrated becoming an amateur by winning the California state championship.

There was not a great deal of golf in wartime; many tournaments were canceled and travel was difficult, with gas rationing and troop movements on trains. In June 1945 Babe did manage to get to Indianapolis to play in the Western Open, but no sooner had the tournament begun than she received a phone call from George saying her mother had suffered a heart attack in Los Angeles and probably would not live. Babe tried to get on a plane to California, but even a personal emergency priority did not turn up a seat for her. So she continued to play, winning her way into the final. That night her mother died. With no hope of getting to California, Babe invited golfers Peggy Kirk Bell and Marge Row to dinner. "We went to her room and Babe just sat there and played her harmonica," remembers Peggy. "We didn't really know her and didn't know what to say. She played for hours. She didn't speak, she just played on and on. The next day she went out and beat Dorothy Germain 4 and 2."

With a whoop and a holler, she sank putts and charmed fans.

continued

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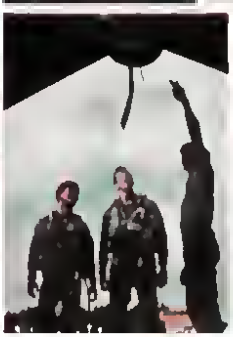

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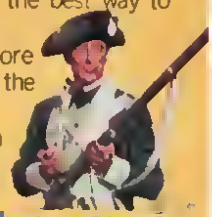

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BABE *continued*

Babe dominated amateur golf as no woman ever has, winning 17 significant tournaments in a row during 1946 and 1947. Among them was the U.S. Women's Amateur (the final of which she won by a record 11 and 9), the All-American at Tam O'Shanter and the Titleholders, a mini-Masters, in which she overcame a 10-stroke deficit to win by five.

But her most notable victory was in the 1947 British amateur at Gullane, Scotland. No American had ever won this championship. Though it was Babe's first trip to Europe, she could not have been more at home. Each day she strolled the cobbled streets of Gullane on her way to the course, nodding and hollering Texas howdies. Gullane was a rough and lively links, lashed by wind and inhabited by sheep. When Babe played her practice rounds, the club arranged for a man to accompany her and sweep the greens of sheep droppings before she putted. She was her usual exuberant self, on one occasion doing a highland fling on the clubhouse lawn.

Babe's flamboyance and ungirdled power caught the imagination of Great Britain. She had won her six matches with ease, and *The Manchester Guardian* enthused: "Surely no woman golfer has accomplished in a championship what Mrs. Zaharias has achieved in this one. . . . She has combined in a remarkable way immense length with accuracy, reaching with a number-five iron holes at which others are content to be short with a wood. She is a crushing and heartbreaking opponent."

Babe came home a heroine. A month later she won the Broadmoor Invitational—her 17th straight. Then, in August, she once again decided to become a professional, signing a contract with Fred Corcoran, who had promoted the men's professional tour for 11 years.

There was not much money to be made from pro golf then. Babe earned most of her income playing exhibitions. By now she was receiving $600 for an appearance, while Ben Hogan and Sam Snead were getting $500. Corcoran also booked her into baseball parks—for $500—where she would hit trick golf shots and play third base during batting practice.

It was not enough for Babe. In the winter of 1948 she and George met with Corcoran and Patty Berg to found the Ladies Professional Golf Association. L. B. Icely, the president of Wilson Sporting Goods (which paid Babe $8,000 a year to promote its products), put up the money to start the tour in 1949. The original LPGA had six members, with Patty Berg as president. Total prize money the first year was about $15,000. Babe earned the most, $4,300, and she played in eight of the nine events. The following year she won six tournaments to finish No. 1 on the money list again, with $13,450.

As the tour grew richer, an intense rivalry developed between Babe and Louise Suggs. Suggs was stoical, very serious, colorless, humorless. She was a good golfer and her record in the early '50s almost equaled Babe's. Yet Suggs never got the kind of coverage Babe did. When Suggs won, the headlines were as likely to read BABE LOSES AS LOUISE WINS. When Babe celebrated her last birthday in 1956 in a Galveston hospital, every member of the LPGA sent her flowers except Louise. "I didn't because I'm not going to be a hypocrite," she explained.

A couple of women who competed in the early days of the LPGA deny that Babe Zaharias was the key to the organization's success, but even they acknowledge that her personality and talent attracted interest to tour events. Patty Berg says, "Our sport grew because of Babe. She had so much flair, color and showmanship, we needed her. Her power astonished galleries."

Babe once hit a drive 408 yards—according to TIME—but there was much more to her game than strength. She was an intelligent golfer. She had graceful, tapered hands and her short game was soft and certain. Even her stance had an athletic buoyancy.

She was ferociously competitive, even with her closest friends. Once, during a practice round, she lent Betty Dodd a driver and another time she gave Peggy Kirk Bell an 11-iron. Both immediately used the clubs to splendid advantage; in both cases, after a few holes, Babe took the club back.

Babe would attempt to psych her opponents in every possible way. She would hit a five-iron, quickly stuff it in the bag and tell everyone it was a seven. She would stride onto the putting green before a tournament and shout, "Are you girls practicin' to come in second?"

She was acquisitive and aggressive off the golf course as well as on—at everything from craps to gin rummy (she once claimed she won by watching the cards

continued

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BABE *continued*

reflected in her opponent's glasses). Her homes were filled with free appliances. Often she simply walked into a store and asked for what she wanted. Betty Dodd recalls one such occasion: "We were in Manhattan, and Babe spotted a Rolex gold watch in a window. She said she'd always wanted one and the next thing I know, we're in the Rolex office. She said to the receptionist, 'I'm Babe Zaharias and I want to see the boss.' Babe was invited into his office and he and Babe set up a golf date the next day at Winged Foot. Rolex threw a luncheon for her. They gave her a gold Rolex. They gave me a gold Rolex. They gave her another gold Rolex for George. In those days the watch was worth $1,000. I was embarrassed to death, but Babe never gave it a second thought."

During her professional years Babe frequently was offered and got appearance money for participating in events. This is not done in the U.S.—though common in other countries—and a number of players on the LPGA tour resented it. In the early '50s golfer Betty Hicks publicly criticized Babe on this account. Babe, then president of the LPGA, called a meeting of the members and said: "Now let me tell you girls something. You know when there's a star like in show business? The star has her name in lights, right? Well, I happen to be the star of this show and all the rest of you are in the chorus. People come to see the star and the star gets the money."

She was the star. For as long as she was able.

In April 1953 Babe won the Babe Zaharias Open in Beaumont, then checked into a hospital for a physical examination. The doctors found a rectal malignancy and recommended an immediate operation. Dr. W. E. Tatum announced, "I don't know yet if surgery will cure her, but I will say that she never again will play golf of championship caliber."

Never again?

Babe was condemned to a condition that was, for her, worse than invalidism. A colostomy was the only hope of saving her life. Her intestinal tract had to be rerouted so that she passed solid waste through an incision in the left side of her stomach. "The cancer didn't bother Babe," Betty Dodd says. "But it was that horrible operation. Her mental and emotional state was shaky."

continued

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Wiper blades	Yes	No	No	No
All light bulbs	Yes	No	No	No
Hoses & Belts	Yes	Yes	No	No

Services provided free.

	AMC	GM	FORD	CHRYSLER
Wheel alignment	Yes	No	No	No
Wheel balancing	Yes	No	No	No
Align headlights	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust carburetor	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust distributor	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust brakes	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust clutch	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust transmission bands	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust & tighten belts	Yes	No	No	No
Tighten nuts & bolts	Yes	No	No	No
Free loaner car	Yes	No	No	Yes
Trip Interruption Protection	Yes	No	No	No

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*Chrysler coverage is 12 months Unlimited mileage
General Motors has 5 year/60,000 mile coverage
on certain 140 cu. in. engines.

AMC Matador

A low distortion amplifier and uniquely designed tuned-port speakers—all precisely matched to give this new Allegro® system incredibly clear, rich, natural sound.

You're looking at the finest stereo system Zenith has ever brought you. And one remarkable part of it is a unique stereo receiver. The Wedge.

Its amplifier puts out 12 watts of power per channel (min. RMS) into 8 ohms, yet total harmonic distortion is held to a low 0.5% or less (Power bandwidth: 40 to 15,000 Hz).

Zenith's Allegro speakers, with a uniquely designed tuned-port, free much of the deep, rich bass that many other speakers trap inside.

Tuned port

And they do it so efficiently that other systems with comparable size air-suspension speakers need amplifiers with twice the power to match Allegro's overall sound performance.

This system gives you the kind of sound you used to find only in expensive component set ups. Pure and full.

You'll hear highs you may never have heard before in modular stereo. Silences so clean, you'd probably not even know the system was on.

But more than that, The Wedge combines clear, rich sound with a complete array of built-in features.

There's an 8-track tape unit that plays and records in stereo. Zenith's precision Micro-Touch® tone arm to protect records. FM muting, to silence background noise between stations.

A sensitive Hi filter that lets you switch off high-frequency hiss. Plus a large, precise tuning meter for more accurate station selection.

Choose from a whole line of Zenith Allegro stereo and 4-channel sound systems, with performance and features tailored to suit your ears.

And your budget.

ZENITH®

Allegro

The quality goes in before the name goes on.®

Model GR596W. Simulated wood with richly-grained walnut finish.

Zenith introduces The Wedge.

BABE continued

Following the operation, the chief surgeon summoned George and Betty Dodd, who had a close and enduring relationship with Babe. The colostomy had gone well, but more cancer had been found in Babe's lymph nodes. It was only a matter of time, perhaps a year, before she would have more trouble. The doctor said he thought it unwise to tell Babe. She would not learn the cancer was spreading until two years later.

On July 31, 1953, only 3½ months after the operation, Babe entered the All-American tournament in Niles, Ill. She walked to the first hole, a yellow tee in her teeth, and murmured, "Guess I gotta go." She had played only 83 holes of golf since her operation and was wan beneath her tan, overweight, flaccid. She feared that her artificial intestinal tract might misfunction. "You go out there thinking you're going to hit it hard," she said, "and then you feel like you're going to pull everything loose and you ease up on a shot." She shot 82 and 85 the first two days and got off to a shaky start in the third round. Betty Dodd was playing with her. "She was missing shots and fighting like mad," Betty says. "On the 5th hole she three-putted from four feet. She walked off the green and sat down on a bench, put her head in her hands and sobbed. I told her, 'Quit, Babe, no one will care, they'll understand.' She looked up with tears streaming down her face and said, 'No, no, I don't want to quit. I'm not a quitter.' "

George padded along, a great anxious bear, opening a red leather shooting stick for her to rest on, massaging her shoulders. On the second nine, Babe settled down, shot a birdie or two, and George, who now weighed nearer 400 pounds than 300, told a reporter, "If she gets to believe she can do it, she'll really be all right. It's just like when you sit down to a table covered with food and say, 'I don't want to eat.' Then you eat a little bit and then you eat a little bit more and first thing you know, you're hungry."

The mere fact that she had played was astonishing. That she finished the tournament, shot 82-85-78-84 and tied for 15th was beyond belief. The following week in the World Golf Championship she shot 74-77-75-81, finished third behind Patty Berg and Louise Suggs, and won $1,000. She played the rest of the season, finished sixth on the money list with $6,345, and won the Ben Hogan comeback of the year award. In 1954 she won five tournaments, including the U.S. Women's Open at Salem Country Club in Peabody, Mass. There she shot 72-71-73-75 to win by a shattering 12 strokes, a record never broken. She finished second on the LPGA money list with $14,452.

On the upbeat even at the end, Babe entertained Betty Dodd and George.

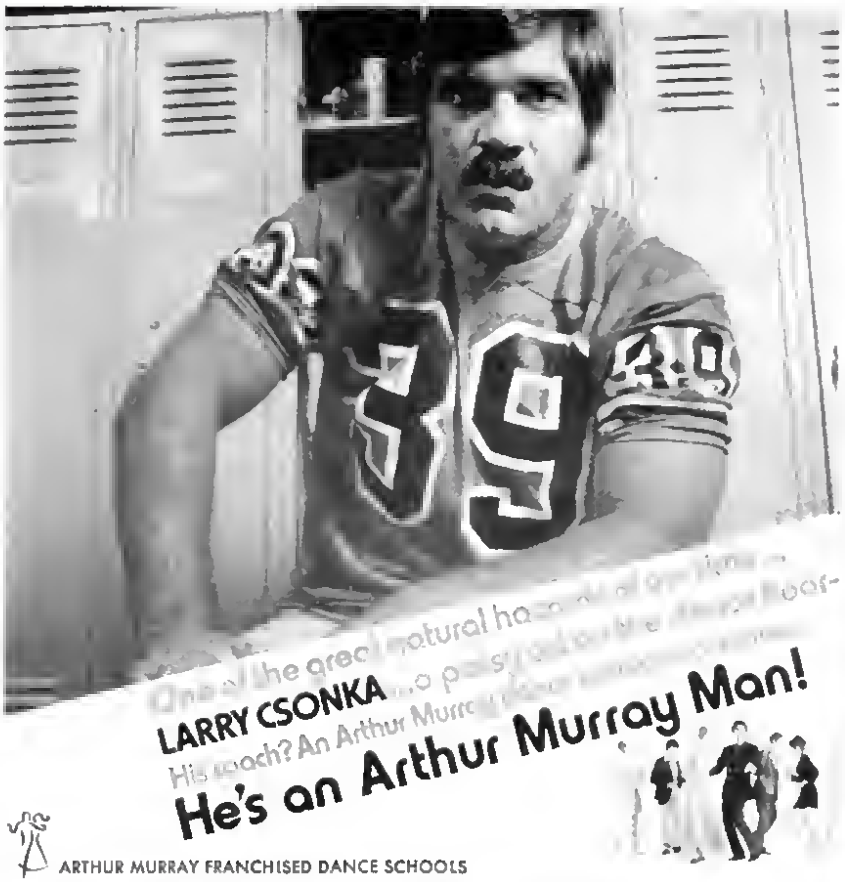
Following the colostomy, Babe played tournament golf for almost two years. Then, in the spring of 1955, Babe and Betty Dodd were fishing on Padre Island in the Gulf of Mexico and Betty's car got stuck in the sand. Babe worked hard to dig it out. The next morning she had terrible pains in her back. "They got worse and worse," Betty says. Babe went to a hospital in Beaumont, but doctors could not trace the source of the problem. Several weeks later she went to a hospital in Galveston, where a milogram series was done. Nothing showed up. They put her in traction and Betty Dodd recalls visiting Babe: "When I walked in she started to cry. Finally a test indicated she had a disk problem. They operated. Ten days later she still had no relief from the pain. She was on drugs. One day the doctor came in and said, 'Babe, I'm going to lay it on the line. We feel there is nothing wrong with you physically. We think you have become addicted to drugs.'

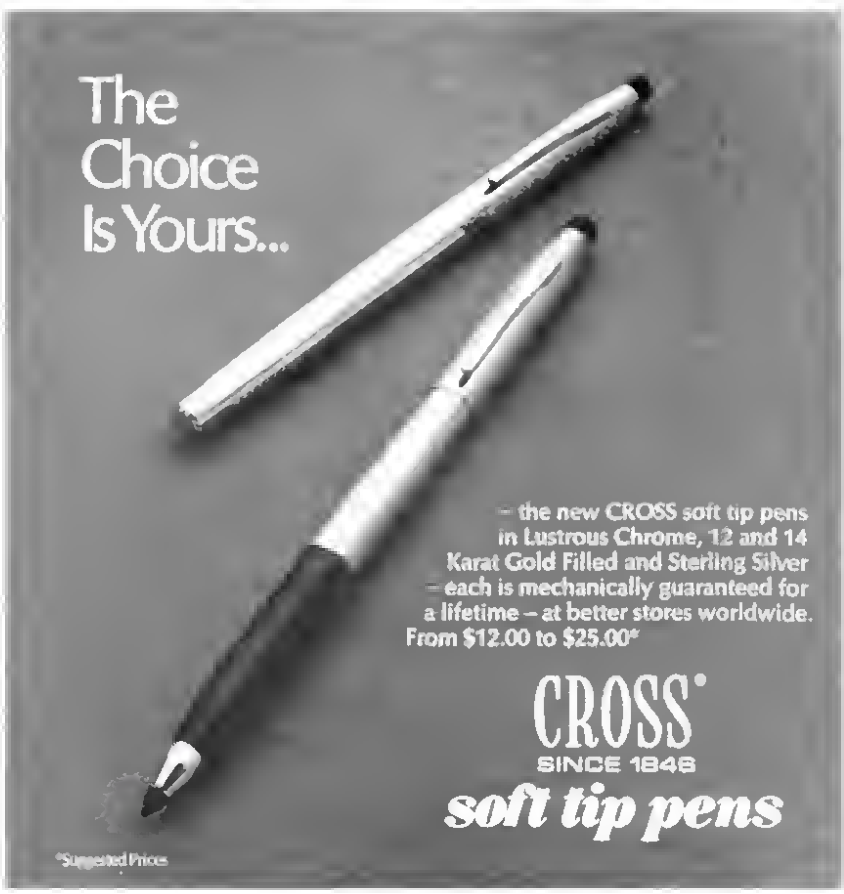
"I thought Babe would hit him," Betty says. "She was in tremendous pain and he was telling her it was all in her head, that she was psychologically addicted to drugs. So she refused to take another shot. Now she was in so much pain she couldn't eat. One night she went out of her mind with the pain, pulling the intravenous tubes from her arms. They started giving her pain-killers again and X-raying once more. And finally a radiologist spotted cancer in her lower spine." There was no way to operate. Babe wanted to go home to Tampa, and the doctors let her go.

In Florida Babe tried to live a normal life. Betty Dodd came and stayed often, although she and George did not get along well. The greatest pain was located in Babe's left foot, the cancer had affected the sciatic nerve that ran down her leg. Betty remembers, "The only relief was to squeeze the foot. I used to lie on the end of her bed for hours and just mash her foot. My hands became so strong I could even have strangled George."

For months Babe would not admit that her golf career was over. On Oct. 9, 1955, she wrote the Bowens: "I don't think it will be too long before I can play again as I am feeling so good and strong. Oh for the day!"

continued





BABE *continued*

Later that month Peggy Kirk Bell visited Babe. They actually played golf, but it was a melancholy occasion. "She was in a great deal of pain," Peggy says, "but she got out of bed and insisted that we play. She couldn't get her golf shoes on, they hurt too much. So she played in loafers.

"On the first hole, where she used to drive the green, she hit it about where I did. She did the same thing on the next hole and she said to me, 'Peggy, you've got to be one of the greatest golfers in the world. How do you break 100 only driving this far?' " It was Babe's last round of golf.

Soon after, she was back in the John Sealy Hospital in Galveston. She left to spend Christmas with the Bowens. One afternoon they drove her to the Colonial Country Club. Bertha says, "I remember Babe bending down and putting her hand on the green, just feeling it."

She lived for nine more months. On her 45th birthday, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead were playing in the Canada Cup in London and they arranged a moment of silent prayer for her; players from 30 countries joined the tribute.

Babe's endurance and her fine physical condition combined to cause a long, slow death. Toward the end she could scarcely move. Betty Dodd saw her 11 days before she died. She was now down to 80 pounds. They talked about victims in concentration camps and how they, too, weighed only 80 pounds and came back.

Babe Didrikson Zaharias died on Sept. 27, 1956. Betty Dodd was in Los Angeles. What she remembers most is the relief that Babe's ordeal was over. Two days later she went to Kansas City for a tournament. She and Babe had agreed that one would not attend the other's funeral.

George Zaharias was stricken. An Associated Press deathbed story began: " 'Babe never really asked God for too much,' Big George sobbed. 'She never asked Him to win any tournaments for her . . . she just prayed Him to let her get well.' "

Babe deserved better. Her death was so agonizing, so public, so sensationally reported that it is only now possible to see her in perspective, to appreciate her boldness, zest, courage, consummate skill—to call her the greatest woman athlete of all time. **END**

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by WILLIAM LEGGETT

CASHING IN ON CRASHING

It went almost unnoticed outside the television industry when the Demolition Derby recently changed its license plates from ABC to CBS. "Well," cynics in the business said, "ABC grabbed the Kentucky Derby away from CBS, so CBS had to go out and try to get some kind of derby."

For a dozen years ABC had shown the Demolition Derby so often on its *Wide World of Sports* that to some viewers it had become little more than a crashing bore. But apparently those people are in the minority, if the rights fees CBS paid for the show are any indication. When ABC first broadcast the event, it cost the network about $2,000. Estimates of what CBS paid to acquire the derby and one of its counterparts, Figure-8 racing, run as high as $750,000 for five years. Not even CBS knows exactly when it will telecast these events, but that seems to make no difference to derby fans. They will find it whenever it's on. They always do.

The Demolition Derby is the ultimate in televised sporting corn. Unlike the Roller Derby or professional wrestling, which have not been the subjects of regular network telecasts, the car-wreckers appear nationally in prime sports viewing spots. In fact, Demolition Derby is recognized as the forerunner of the made-for-television events that have proliferated in the last few years. Partly because of the success of the derby, sports TV now includes *The Superstars*, wrist-wrestling and actors who seem to spend more time on *Celebrity Bowling* and *Celebrity Tennis* than on location. And, along the way, it has made its home base, Islip, N.Y., into a relatively famous town.

Ratings for the Demolition Derby are among the highest for sports events; all told, an estimated 25 million viewers watched it last winter. The derby is also popular with the networks because it can be taped and telecast in segments throughout the year. ABC shot Derby Day in 1974 and got five shows out of it.

"This year when our contract with ABC was up," says Dick Corbeil, the head of Spectacular Promotions, which runs the Islip show, "I made a quick phone call to CBS to see if they might be interested. They told me to come up to their office right away. It was tough to leave ABC. The network helped make the Demolition Derby by putting it on almost from the start. Now you can mention it anyplace, and people say, 'Oh, yeah, from Islip, Long Island.'"

Many tracks run demolition derbies, but Islip's is the only one seen on television regularly. The madness originated there in 1958 when a former dishwasher, banana boat loader, gas station operator and coal shoveler named Larry Mendelsohn crashed his stock car through the fence and into the grandstands during a race. Islip was then attracting sparse crowds for stock and midget racing. When Mendelsohn cracked up, he noticed that far more people were fascinated with his wreck than with the ongoing race. He borrowed $1,000 and bought the track, even though he was $44,000 in debt. He started the Demolition Derby in 1961 and, largely because of television exposure, began drawing big crowds. Attendance sometimes reaches 15,000 people, who pay up to $5 to sit on stands made of rickety boards.

That is a long way from the derby's early days, when its publicity consisted of classifieds that read, "Wanted: 100 Men Not Afraid to Die." On another page of the paper appeared photographs of some derby drivers under the headline, "Are They Brave or Are They Stark Raving Mad?"

Now nearly all the derby's promotional matter includes the fact that the races will be televised. A flyer says, "So Spectacular . . . all of these great shows will be videotaped in color and shown nation-wide on CBS-TV *Sports Spectacular*." Entry blanks carry a reminder that "Drivers will be interviewed in front of the TV cameras, so it is important to look neat."

The winner of the men's world championship Demolition Derby receives $1,500, and the winner of the ladies' Demolition Derby takes home $100. It costs $10 to enter, and if a contestant has no car, the track will supply one for $100. When a vehicle becomes so damaged that its driver does not want to pay to have it towed away, the track sells it for scrap for $45.

DEMOLITION DERBY FANS HAVE A BASH WATCHING WRECKS

The success of the Demolition Derby, in which the competitors smash into each other until only one car is left running, has spawned variations, although these are seldom seen on TV. Blackout demolitions are raced at night; the winner is the last car remaining with its lights shining. A football demolition has a small auto, often a red Volkswagen, that is bashed between teams of larger cars until it is pushed over a goal line.

Carl Voelker, 37, is typical of the drivers at Islip. "I started coming to the races when I was 12," he says. "Last year was my best; I won $4,262. I've been interviewed on television five times. My son is 17, and he wants to go into the derby, but I'm going to quit. Now I want to drive modified stocks."

Voelker may not find the same satisfaction in racing around a track trying *not* to hit the other cars. Many Demolition Derby drivers claim they compete to relieve the frustrations of driving in everyday traffic; what a wonderful feeling to be able to slam into an old heap and watch it lurch to a halt amid clouds of steam. Others simply enjoy the camaraderie. One driver says he comes all the way to Islip from Montreal because "You run into a lot of nice people." END

Prospect out of uniform

Houston McTear isn't playing for his high school because he fears an injury might ruin his track career, but colleges are hounding him anyway

Bear Bryant has phoned. So has Shug Jordan. Florida's Doug Dickey made a personal appearance. Letters have come pouring in from Ohio State, Notre Dame, Nebraska—from just about every school that plays big-time college football—all of them eager to recruit an 18-year-old senior from Baker High School in Florida. In itself, this is not unusual, but there is an unusual thing about the young man from Florida. He doesn't play football.

His name is Houston McTear, the same Houston McTear who has been clocked sprinting the length of a football field in nine seconds flat and who last March won the 60-yard dash at the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. meet in six seconds. Until this fall McTear did play football in Baker, a hamlet among pine forests and soybean farms in the Florida panhandle 135 miles west of Tallahassee. But with an eye to the Olympics in Montreal next July and the knowledge that one good shot from an opposing tackler might end his track career, McTear has put away his shoulder pads—for the time being—much to the regret of Sonny Hendrix, Baker's football coach. His team is losing more than it is winning, and Hendrix could use McTear's speed in his backfield. "I think he's making a mistake," says Hendrix. "His family is so poor he could help them best by staying in football."

Last season McTear, who is 5'8" and 160 pounds, started at running back for Baker. Working out of a Wishbone, he gained 1,380 yards in 96 carries. That is a 14.4-yard average. He scored 16 touchdowns, four of them on passes. Hendrix likes to say that every time the Gators shook McTear loose, he was gone for a touchdown. "His running aside," says Allen Trammell, an assistant coach at Florida, "McTear showed me exceptional hands and a lot of durability. He's sure welcome at Florida, and I think if he came here he'd do well enough to attract the pros." Trammell coaches defensive backs. "If ever I had to prepare my guys for a nine-flat sprinter, I wouldn't sleep for five nights," he says. "He'd get double coverage even if he never caught a pass."

The question is not whether McTear can play major-college football, but whether he will play. Will Willoughby doubts it. Willoughby is McTear's track coach and primary influence. It was his persuasion that made McTear drop football, an unpopular decision at Baker.

Willoughby thinks McTear might someday run an 8.8-second 100-yard dash. "I told him he can fulfill the American Dream—do something no one else ever has. Sure, he could play wide receiver, but there are plenty of promising wide receivers and only one other human being ever to run a nine-second hundred."

In the five years Willoughby has coached McTear, they have become inseparable. Willoughby accompanies McTear to all away track meets and McTear often plays cards or eats with Willoughby and his wife Caroline. They help him with speech problems and manners and sometimes with a few dollars for a movie or a meal.

Willoughby says flatly that McTear is going to set world records in the 100-yard and 100-meter dashes. McTear has run only nine competitive 100-meter races, not counting trial heats. One of them, in the AAU national junior championship trials in Knoxville last June, he ran in 10 seconds, .1 off the world record. Willoughby also believes that if McTear does win a gold medal in Montreal this July, he should sign with the International Track Association rather than go to college. "They figured Steve Prefontaine would make $100,000 with the ITA," Willoughby says. "In that event, Houston should be worth at least $50,000."

McTEAR'S SPEED WOULD MAKE HIM A DEADLY RECEIVER

Already, McTear has been offered money to endorse a track shoe, which, of course, he has turned down. But should he become an Olympic champion in Montreal, Willoughby will advise McTear to accept any substantial offer. "If Coach says it's a good deal, I'll take it," says Houston.

"Not everybody is cut out for college," Willoughby says. "Houston would have to work hard to keep up in any kind of school. If he fails to qualify for the Olympics, I'll advise him to take a track scholarship rather than football. For one thing, it'd be easier on him. He could run three years and still play football as a senior.

I'm sure any coach would welcome him."

Allen Trammell says McTear told him recently that he wants to play major-college football. He has no reservations about McTear in the classroom. "He is a rural kid," Trammell says, "but not a dumb one. With a good tutoring program, I'm sure McTear could handle classwork." He thinks McTear would be foolish to pass up football for track. "Moneywise," Trammell says, "there's no comparison." Bob Hayes risked almost certain success in the 100-meter dash at the Tokyo Olympics by running pass routes for Florida A&M the previous two autumns. Tokyo promised glory, but football was a chance for a livelihood. "Conserving talent is the same as wasting it," Hayes said last week while getting dressed for practice with the San Francisco 49ers. "A man's got to use all his gifts. Houston's prime is a long way off. Who knows how long the ITA will last? The Olympics are fine, but the world of football has a lot more money. Houston ought to get some of it if he can."

McTear grows restless wondering about tomorrow. He likes to "ride around with the dudes," dream about Montreal and keep thoughts of security and money far back in his mind.

"I can go through money like anybody," McTear says. "I can run a train through some money when I have it. When I don't, it really doesn't matter. Money ain't nothing but a word."

As is future. But Houston McTear will have to choose his very soon.

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

SOUTHWEST While Texas was losing to Oklahoma (*page 20*), SWC rivals Texas A&M and Arkansas were winning impressively within the conference. The Aggies zoomed past Texas Tech 38–9 and the Razorbacks trounced Baylor 41–3.

Bubba Bean put on a dazzling show for A&M, scoring twice and boosting his career total to 2,469 to become the Aggies' alltime leading rusher. As Bean described it, his 94-yard jaunt was a laugher. "When I saw all that open field, for some reason I started laughing. Then I hyperventilated, and when I finally got to the end zone I

continued

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almost passed out." Bucky Sams also scored twice, both times bursting in from inside the one.

Baylor made life easy for Arkansas by fumbling nine times, twice setting up Razorback scoring drives of less than 50 yards and twice ending serious threats of its own inside the Arkansas 30. Quarterback Scott Bull tallied on runs of 67 and four yards. A third Southwest Conference game, played in the Cotton Bowl on Friday night, saw Southern Methodist hand Texas Christian its 15th straight loss, 28–13.

A fumble and a pass interception set up two Mississippi State touchdowns in the first 3:52 of action, and the Bulldogs went on to defeat Rice 28–14.

In the final quarter of Houston's 28–0 loss to North Texas State, Coach Bill Yeoman became so frustrated by his team's offensive ineptness that he sent a third-string freshman in to quarterback. But even Delrick Brown could not get the Cougars on the scoreboard.

1. Texas A&M (5-0)
2. Texas (4-1) 3. Arkansas (4-1)

MIDWEST

The pitch-and-catch team of Steve Pisarkiewicz and Henry Marshall hounded Oklahoma State out of the unbeaten ranks and gave Missouri a stunning 41–14 victory. "I haven't seen anything like it since I've been here," said Tiger Coach Al Onofrio. "In fact, I've never seen a passing attack like that."

Both Pisarkiewicz and Marshall established school yardage records, with Zark the Shark completing 20 of 27 attempts for 371 yards and Marshall catching seven for 209. The two also combined on scoring strikes of 32 and 75 yards.

"I didn't dream we could play that poorly on defense," said the Cowboy Coach Jim Stanley. "When you get four, five or six seconds to throw, it becomes a lot easier," said Zark. The junior quarterback did not suffer an interception and missed his receiver on only two passes (a deflection and an overthrow) while five others were dropped. On one attempt, blocked by a charging lineman, Pisarkiewicz caught the ball himself and turned it into a four-yard gain. "When things go right, everything goes right," said Marshall.

Nebraska, which had not faced a Wishbone team all year, came up against one of the best in Kansas and won 16–0. "Nebraska was super on defense," said Jayhawk Quarterback Nolan Cromwell, who had been the Big Eight's Back of the Week following his last two games. "We thought we could move the ball against them, but they proved differently." Cromwell gained but 62 yards in 19 carries and the entire Kansas offense managed only 177 yards overall. The Cornhuskers had offensive problems of their own, however, managing only a field goal in each of the first three quarters before Terry Luck connected on a 26-yard touchdown pass to Brad Jenkins. "The victory wasn't a thing of beauty," said Fullback Tony Davis, "but we're 5-0 and we haven't been 5-0 since I've been at Nebraska."

Iowa State broke open a tight defensive struggle with 10 fourth-quarter points to pull away from Kansas State 17–7.

In the Big Ten, Michigan upended Michigan State 16–6, Ohio State blasted Iowa 49–0, Wisconsin nipped Purdue 17–14, Northwestern skunked Indiana 30–0 and Illinois pounded Minnesota 42–23.

The Wolverines' victory was the final piece of evidence that the status is still quo in the Big Ten this year. Gordon Bell's 19-yard run to the outside, following six straight thrusts into the Spartans' middle, broke a 6–6 fourth-quarter tie. Bob Wood's third field goal concluded the scoring. "We're not a great team," said Coach Bo Schembechler, "but I still think we can be a good one."

Unfortunately, Michigan must become better than good if it is to have a chance against Ohio State on Nov. 22. Listen to what Iowa Coach Bob Commings said after the Buckeyes' latest shellacking. "That's the best team in the country, fellas," he told reporters. "We've played some good teams in the last two years, but that's *the* best." Stronger than last year? "Yes—and I don't think it's by inches, either. If they have a weakness, I don't know what it would be. It's the same backfield, and it's still great. But the new offensive line is better. And the defense is much better."

Ohio State convinced Commings by scoring the first seven times it had the ball, missing on the eighth and last possession because the third-stringers fumbled at the Iowa seven. Archie Griffin gained 120 yards, Pete Johnson scored three touchdowns and Quarterback Cornelius Greene completed all eight of his passes for a total of 117 yards. Greene's substitute, Rod Gerald, turned his two carries into scoring runs of 45 and 14 yards.

Vince Lamia's 40-yard field goal with nine seconds remaining lifted Wisconsin past Purdue. Billy Marek gained 152 yards and scored eight points, making him the all-time leading scorer in the league with 242 points.

Greg Boykin ran for two touchdowns and passed for another to lead Northwestern, whose 2-0 conference record gives it a share of the Big Ten lead.

Illinois also stayed unbeaten in the league, Jim Phillips scoring three times in the second quarter to climax drives of 51, 75 and 28 yards. The Gophers had entered the game as the nation's sixth best team in scoring defense.

A safety and a 30-yard scoring pass with 21 seconds remaining in the first half gave Mid-American co-leader Miami of Ohio all its points in a 10–0 defeat of Dayton. The recovery of a fumbled punt set up a late 23-yard scoring drive that enabled Kent State to beat Western Michigan 22–17. In a non-conference game, Walt Hodges scored twice and gained more than 100 yards for the 17th time in his career as Central Michigan whipped Eastern Michigan 20–7.

1. Ohio State (3-0)
2. Oklahoma (3-0) 3. Nebraska (3-0)

EAST

The long and bloody Eastern domination of Penn State did not come to an end last week against West Virginia. It got longer and bloodier. The Mountaineers certainly looked like a worthy challenger. They were 4-0, averaging 35 points and 411 yards a game. They had incentive, not having beaten the Lions since 1955. They even had a sense of humor. "We're calling this Penn State against the Penn State rejects," quipped Quarterback Dan Kendra.

What they did not have was the hosses. Will West Virginia ever beat Penn State, Coach Joe Paterno was asked following the 39–0 rout. "When they have better players," he answered politely.

Penn State's better players maintained ball control for more than two-thirds of the game, scoring in every quarter, outgaining the Mountaineers 435 yards to 200 and forcing six turnovers.

Woody Petchel and Chris Bahr were the offensive stars, Petchel rushing for 120 yards and a touchdown and Bahr kicking three field goals to break his single-season school record of 11. Petchel, who suffered a serious knee injury two years ago, was particularly pleased. "I always believed I was capable of a game like this, but since the injury I've had my doubts," he said. "All the pain and work is worthwhile today. I just wish today could last forever."

Pittsburgh, which ends its season against Penn State on Nov. 22, steamrolled Temple 55–6. Tony Dorsett scored twice, as did Defensive Back J.C. Wilson. Mark Weaver gained 144 yards on 12 carries in Lehigh's 34–20 upset of Rutgers and Jerry Andrewlavage's two field goals lifted Colgate over Holy Cross 20–14. Long passes by Buddy Gilbert set up a touchdown and produced another as Tulane beat Boston College 17–7.

Navy continued to play well, edging Syracuse 10–6 while Army fell to Duke 21–10. The Middie defense, ranked third nationally, allowed only two field goals and 131 offensive yards. Two fumbles and three interceptions, including one which was returned 68 yards for a touchdown, killed the Cadets.

In the Ivy League, Brown scored an important 27–12 victory over Yale, Harvard held off aroused Columbia 35–30, Dartmouth tripped Pennsylvania 19–14 and Princeton topped Cornell 16–8.

continued

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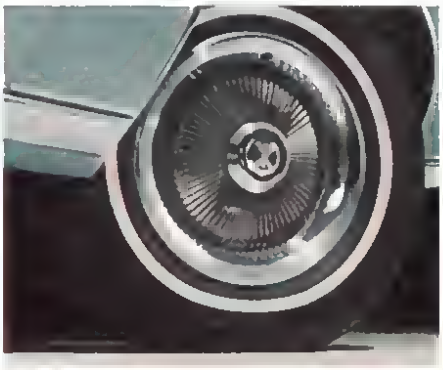

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The Bruins' seventh straight triumph over two seasons came on the 50th anniversary of Brown Stadium. Four second-quarter touchdowns gave Harvard the margin it needed as Quarterback Jim Kubacki set a school total offense record with 310 yards. Dartmouth had to overcome an aerial barrage by the Quakers' Bob Graustein, who completed 20 of 29 passes for 230 yards. Princeton stayed unbeaten on three field goals by Scott Morrison.

1. Penn State (5-1)
2. Pitt (4-1) 3. West Virginia (4-1)

SOUTH Alabama and Florida are not scheduled to play each other this season, but at least one Southeastern Conference player has a definite opinion of which is better. "Florida," said Vanderbilt Tight End Barry Burton after the Gators whipped his team 35–0. To which Coach Fred Pancoast added, "This is a great Florida team. They put second- and third-team backs in there that are as big as some of my linemen."

Jimmy DuBose's 80-yard touchdown run put the Gators ahead on the first play from scrimmage. Larry Brinson scored the next three touchdowns on two short runs and a 10-yard pass reception from Quarterback Don Gaffney. Florida's offense rushed for 438 yards and passed for 59 more and the defense gave up only 167 yards overall.

Tennessee, which plays Alabama this weekend, pulled away from Louisiana State in the fourth period to win 24–10. Reminiscent of his performance of two weeks ago against Auburn, Split End Larry Seivers made two key catches in an 80-yard drive that broke a 10-10 tie.

Other conference games saw Auburn defeat Kentucky 15–9 and Mississippi upset Georgia 28–13. Outside the conference, Alabama blistered Washington 52–0.

Auburn scored twice within 90 seconds in the fourth quarter to overtake the Wildcats and notch its first victory of the year. A 72-yard pass from Clyde Baumgartner to Jeff Gilligan produced the first score, and three plays after the fumbled kickoff Kenny Burks dashed in from the 17 for the second touchdown. James Reed tallied twice for Ole Miss, which had not won a league game since 1973.

The Alabama-Washington game was a renewal of the 1926 Rose Bowl matchup, when the Crimson Tide won 20–19 by scoring three touchdowns within seven minutes. In this game, Alabama scored three touchdowns in less than three minutes—on an eight-yard run by Quarterback Richard Todd, an 84-yard punt return by Willie Shelby and a 31-yard gallop by second-team Fullback Johnny Davis. Taking advantage of an injury to Calvin Culliver, Davis ground out 155 yards and three touchdowns in 13 carries.

Maryland ran its Atlantic Coast Conference winning streak to 12 games with a 37–22 defeat of North Carolina State. A 96-yard kickoff return by Rick Jennings, his second field-length touchdown run this year, sparked the Terrapins. Maryland also showed some timely defensive play when it protected a 24–14 third-quarter lead by pushing the Wolfpack back to the 47 after they reached a first down at the Terrapins' 17. "I don't want to sound like an egotistical fool," Defensive End Leroy Hughes said later, "but my getting in there got us going." N.C. State blew its next two offensive possessions with fumbles, which Maryland turned into score-padding touchdowns.

Clemson won its first game, Willie Jordan's 34-yard field goal with five seconds remaining edging Wake Forest 16–14. Outside the conference, North Carolina lost its shutout—and the game—when Notre Dame scored three times in the fourth quarter to win 21–14. The last TD came with 1:03 left, after a Tar Heel defensive error let Ted Burgmeier turn a short down-and-out pattern into an 80-yard scoring play. "I hollered at him when he went by," said Carolina Coach Bill Dooley, "but it didn't bother him."

Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine called it "my best win ever. I don't mean to slight the fine players I had at Arizona State, Missouri or Green Bay, but these kids could hardly stand up late in the game."

David Sims and Drew Hill led an army of Georgia Tech running backs that rushed for a school-record 558 yards in a 38–10 romp over Virginia Military. Sims scored three touchdowns on runs of 51, two and one yards and Hill tallied from the 36- and nine-yard lines. South Carolina blasted Virginia 41–14 as Quarterback Jeff Grantz also raced to three TDs. Following a 23–10 loss to Colorado, overscheduled Miami was no longer the best 0-3 team in the country. They are now the best 0-4 team in the country.

Lenoir Rhyne, an NAIA member, surpassed the NCAA record for rushing yardage and total offense in a 69–14 swamping of Davidson. With Scott Crawford running for 247 yards and four touchdowns, the Bears amassed 837 yards on the ground and 914 yards overall.

1. Alabama (4-1)
2. Florida (4-1) 3. Tennessee (3-1)

WEST Few things are as hard to come by this year as a touchdown against Arizona. The Wildcats, who have allowed only two field goals all season, posted their third shutout of the season with a 36–0 triumph over Texas-El Paso. Western Athletic Conference rival Arizona State also remained unbeaten, dumping New Mexico 16–10. Bruce Hill was Arizona's offensive star, passing and running for three touchdowns while Arizona State's Freddie Williams led the Sun Devils, rushing for 201 yards and a TD in 37 carries.

Brigham Young celebrated its 100th anniversary with a 28–14 nonconference win over Air Force. Independent Utah State scored three times in the final period to overtake West Texas State 21–17.

Ricky Bell rolled to his third 200-yard game of the season as Southern California socked Washington State 28–10. The 215-pound back gained 217 yards on 38 carries and had a 40-yard scoring jaunt called back. "I don't care how many times he carries the ball," Coach John McKay said afterward. "If he's tired he'll tell me." A 64-yard punt return by Danny Reece produced another touchdown. Alas, the victory was costly. Linebacker Mario Celotto and Defensive Backs Ricky Odom and Ted Roberson were all sidelined with injuries.

Even though USC extended its unbeaten streak to 16 games (and its Pacific Eight unbeaten skein to 27), Stanford Assistant Coach Gunther Cunningham was talking up UCLA's Rose Bowl chances following the Cardinals' 31–21 loss to the Bruins. "If John Sciarra stays healthy, UCLA is a Rose Bowl team," Cunningham said after the quarterback rushed for 121 yards and two touchdowns. The Bruins' Wendell Tyler was even more productive, gaining 180 yards.

While Sciarra and Tyler were inflicting the physical damage, Stanford's fans were adding verbal abuse, booing Quarterback Mike Cordova and Coach Jack Christiansen. "It's too bad when the home team feels like it's playing in a visiting park," said Christiansen. Cordova added, "I enjoyed playing before 90,000 at Michigan when I knew the fans were for the other team. But I don't enjoy it when our own fans are also for the other team."

California and Colorado State kept Oregon and Oregon State winless, blasting them 34–7 and 17–8. Chuck Muncie gained 207 yards and scored three touchdowns for the Bears, who were the recipients of eight turnovers. Colorado State's victory was its first ever over a Pac-8 team.

1. USC (5-0)
2. Arizona (4-0) 3. Arizona State (5-0)

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: Pittsburgh Cornerback J.C. Wilson scored two touchdowns on a 52-yard return of a blocked field goal and a six-yard return of an intercepted pass, set up another TD with a second interception and recovered two fumbles.

OFFENSE: Scoring on runs of 47 and 94 yards and gaining 180 yards in only nine carries, Texas A&M Halfback Bubba Bean became the Aggies' all-time leading rusher and moved to eighth place on the Southwest Conference list.

BOXING / *Pat Putnam*

The pace is familiar

Michael Dokes is 17 years old. Like All, he is coming on loud and clear

As though summoned to attention by a drum roll, the sweating men broke from their routine. A trainer who had been dabbing Vaseline on the face of a young 118-pounder paused, greasy hand against greasy cheek. The speed bag swung mutely, its machine-gun chatter briefly stilled. The heavy bag hung unhit. The heavyweight had arrived, a slight smile on his fresh, unmarked face, his shoulders swaying with the hint of a swagger. Then the moment flickered and passed. The noise resumed. The other cheek was greased. Aaron Pryor, one of the U.S. Pan-American Games boxers, surveyed the largest of his teammates and laughed. "Hey," Pryor yelled, "it's awful nice of you to come over and train."

And so it goes with Michael Dokes, at the moment the best of the country's amateur heavyweights, just 17 years old and a high school senior. There are those who say that he will be—if not the next, then soon—heavyweight champion of the world. After, of course, he wins the gold medal at the Pan-Am Games in Mexico City next week and then at the Olympics next year in Montreal. In fact, Dokes is the first who will make this prediction—and the loudest.

"What I am," says Dokes, only half seriously, "is Mister D, that's me. I call myself Dynomite Dokes. Dyn-o-*mite*. When I'm moving and grooving, there ain't nobody in the world who can touch me. Speed? They ain't seen nothing. My hands are so fast they can't catch them on film. I can hit a guy three times and all he can think is somebody has snuck up behind him. I told Muhammad Ali, 'I'm gonna get you, old man, so you better get out while you can.' "

Muhammad Ali laughed. Dokes was 15 at the time. Another one who laughed was Clinton Cochrane, the 6'6", 260-pound Army champion who fought Dokes in an AAU semifinal bout at Shreveport, La. last June. Cochrane had been around and he had heard about Dokes and his big mouth.

"I'm from the Army," said Cochrane, looking down at Dokes, who is 6'2" and 195. "We know about you, and they sent me here to cut you down to a midget."

"Listen," said Dokes, "I'm gonna whip you so bad they're gonna have to give you a medical discharge."

Cochrane laughed. Dokes knocked him unconscious in less than 20 seconds of the first round. Then the high school kid from Akron went on to add the AAU title to the Golden Gloves championship that he won two years before. In all, he has won 94 of 99 fights, with 25 knockouts. And he is growing taller and getting heavier.

"I heard Dokes sass Cochrane, and I feared for his life," says Vern Woodward, the Pan-Am team coach. "Then, when the fight started, I turned to say something to someone, and I heard this thump of a body hitting the deck. I missed the whole thing."

A few weeks ago Woodward brought his boxing team to the lofty altitude (6,500 feet) of Durango, Colo. to begin preparing for the Games in even loftier (7,800 feet) Mexico City. All of them worked hard except for Dokes, who insists he is dedicated, but shows no fondness for training. Woodward was just deciding upon a strong action when the fighters took over. They called a ringside meeting.

"He kept telling us he's the champion of this and the champion of that," says Clint Jackson, a 147-pound southpaw deputy sheriff out of Davidson County, Tenn. Jackson has had 115 fights with just 13 losses and he has won 78 by knockout. "I told him, 'You're the champion of nothing here unless you work. All you heavyweights think you're the best. Well, prove it.' "

Dokes said fine. The next afternoon the two went at it in the ring. At one point Woodward, acting as referee, called for a break. Dokes stepped back and Jackson hooked him twice in the mouth. Later they went outside and did it all over again in the street.

"Since then he's sharpened up," says Jackson. "I guess he felt bad because I made him look bad. But he's a good kid."

"Yeah," says Pryor, a veteran 132-pounder with 150 KOs and only 12 losses in 190 fights. "Dokes was out in Las Vegas recently and all those pros kept offering him money and telling him how good he is. He thinks he's another Ali. I told him there's only one Ali."

Jackson agrees. "I don't care who he thinks he is as long as he works while a part of this team. His mouth is starting to run off a little again. Maybe I'll have to cut him down to a 146-pounder again."

Dokes dismisses the incident as a misreading of his motives. "I just needed a little time to get it together," says the young man with the zippy wardrobe, most of it designed and some of it sewn by himself. At South High in Akron all but one of his classes are in home economics. "It took a lot of training and a lot of fighting just to get here, and I was tired. There's no more dedicated fighter than I am. I know what I am and just where I'm going, and I know the right way to get there. I'm going to be heavyweight champion of the world, and I'll work just as hard as I have to. But I don't want anybody to think I want to be champion just for the money. I don't want to be a millionaire. I just want to be able to live like one."

The consensus of those who have seen him fight is that the only thing that stands between Michael Dokes and the rich life is his own head. He is an excellent boxer with only fair power but very fast hands and quick feet. When he was 15 he ran the 100 in 10.1. Early in his career there was pressure for him to play both football and basketball and to run track. But he rejected all appeals.

Ever since Dokes became the national AAU and the Golden Gloves runner-up

continued

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at the illegal age of 15, the professionals have made it impossible for anyone to forget boxing within the Dokes household. That's when the first offers began to come in, and hardly a week has passed since when someone hasn't phoned with a deal that would make the family instantly rich.

"But that's all they are, just offers," says Dokes. "They offer you this and they offer you that, but what they give you is something else. I don't even listen to them any more. The longer I wait the more valuable I get. Joe Frazier just bought Duane Bobick and what he paid couldn't get my leg. A hundred thousand. What's that? I feel maybe in another year I might be worth $2 million."

Woodward listens to Dokes and shakes his head. "He'd be a lot better off if people would stop telling him how great he is," the coach says. "Right now he's a good fighter, a little lazy, with a lot of promise. But nothing is going to happen unless he gets his body and his head together. There's a lot of good fighters waiting to get at him, including Teofilo Stevenson, that big, tough Cuban Olympic champion. Telling Dokes how great he is isn't going to help him stop Stevenson's right hand."

Dokes scoffs at Woodward's worrying. "Shoot, the Cuban hasn't got anything but a right hand. And if he thinks he's going to hit me with it, when I get to gliding and sliding, he's nuts."

As a heavyweight, a class Dokes grew into just a few months ago, he has had only 16 fights and he has won them all. He has a 31-inch waist, which makes him look at least 10 pounds lighter than he is. But within a year he hopes to be two inches taller and 10 to 13 pounds heavier.

"I'm not much of a puncher now, but I don't think I'll be much of one no matter how big I get," Dokes says. "Power thrills, but my speed kills. And that's me, Michael Dokes, talking, not Ali. People say I'm trying to be like him. That's not true. Sure, I've studied him. But I studied a lot of other fighters, too. I looked at Sugar Ray for uppercuts and at Joe Frazier for a left hook. And Jersey Joe Walcott. If you look at Walcott films, you got to know that Ali must have been looking at them same films a long time ago. Jersey Joe was a mover and a groover long before Ali came on the scene. But nobody said Ali was trying to be another Walcott."

Like Ali, Dokes does not permit himself many serious moments in public. But there are some. "They say I idolize Ali," he says. "That's not true. The only person I ever idolized was Tap Harris, my stephrother. He was a great fighter, and he'd be a champion now, except he got a bad break three years ago. Got sent to the joint. He killed a person. That's why I'm going to be champion. Then I'll have the bread to try and help Tap. And I'm just lucky that I'm a great fighter so it will happen."

Who knows? If he does whip Stevenson in Mexico City maybe it will happen. After all, not everyone took Ali seriously when he was 17. **END**

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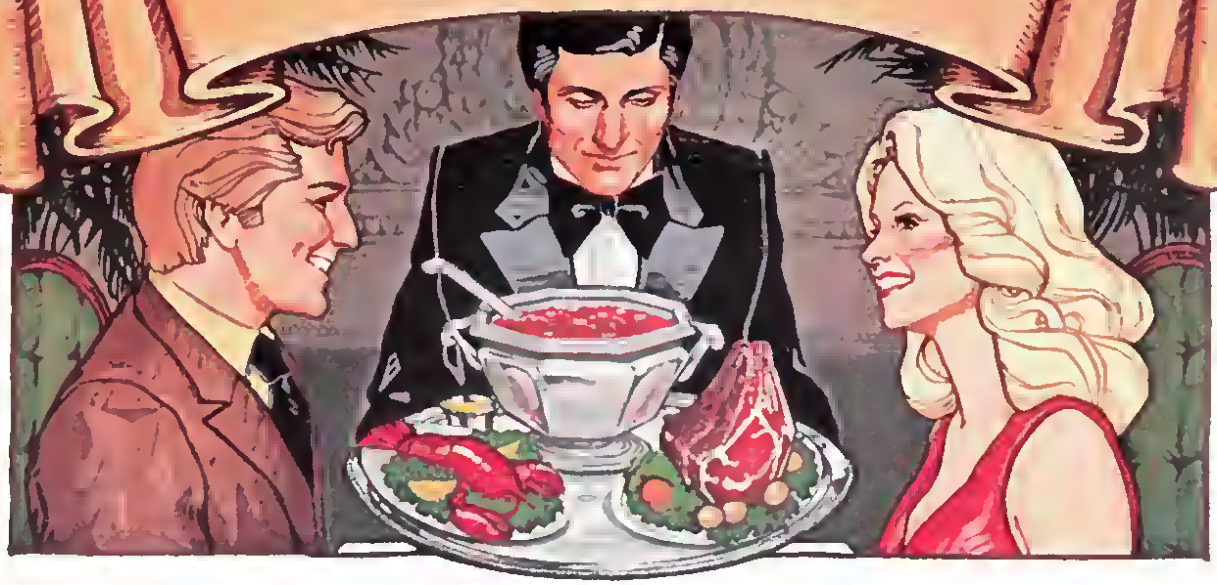

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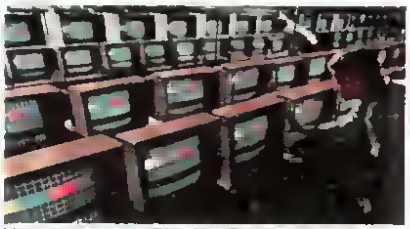

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The man who makes marshes

Wetlands that support invaluable wildlife are fast disappearing, but Edgar Garbisch is turning the tide by creating some of his own

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Can a former professor of chemistry at the University of Minnesota create in half a year what it takes nature 1,000 years to accomplish? Yes, at least in the case of Dr. Edgar W. Garbisch Jr. of St. Michaels, Md., who can in six months establish a coastal salt marsh of up to 500 acres.

In their natural state, coastal marshes are extraordinarily productive of clams, mussels, shrimp, crabs, fish, waterfowl, furbearers and other animals. In Louisiana biologists have calculated that a single acre of salt marsh is worth $82,000 in benefits to man. But from the start, settlers in this country have tended to look upon marshes as pest holes to be obliterated. They have been filled to serve as dumps, airport and factory sites, marinas and housing developments—all in the name of progress. Only recently has the public begun to appreciate the economic, ecological and esthetic value of wetlands, and although some states have moved to protect marshes, no one thought of creating new ones to replace the old until Ed Garbisch happened along a few years ago.

Garbisch, who is 43, is new to working with plant life and marine resources. He got his doctorate in organic chemistry from Northwestern in 1961, became an assistant professor at Minnesota in 1964 and within four years was jumped to a full professorship. His field was the arrangement of molecules in space, and he wrote or co-authored more than 40 papers with such titles as "The Hydroxymethylene Ketone-Also Enol Equilibrium." He was invited to lecture at Princeton, Wisconsin, Ohio State, Indiana, Notre Dame and other schools, and there were flattering feelers from universities seeking to lure him from Minnesota. For all this professional success, at the age of 37 Garbisch felt dissatisfied. He had come to regard his work on molecules as a kind of empty intellectual chess. He wanted to do more for the world.

In 1970 Garbisch resigned from Minnesota and went to the Eastern Shore of Maryland. There he happened to read *Life and Death of the Salt Marsh* by John and Mildred Teal and was tremendously stimulated. A coastal marsh, he learned, yields almost 10 tons of organic matter per acre a year, while the most productive farmlands in the world produce but seven tons of wheat per acre and require extensive fertilization and cultivation. Tidal marshes trap sediments and utilize them for the growth of algae and plants. Like a giant blotter, a marsh has the ability to absorb storm water and serves as a buffer against shore erosion. In some ways marshes are free sewage treatment plants that "scrub" rivers or bays. John R. Clark of the Conservation Foundation has calculated that "a 1,000-acre marsh may be capable of purifying the nitrogenous wastes from a town of 20,000 or more people."

The more Garbisch read, the more enthusiastic he grew about the possibility of creating marshes. In a small experiment, he transplanted some cordgrass (*Spartina alterniflora*) to the beach in front of his house. The plants took root, and so did he in St. Michaels.

Garbisch worked a year for the Nature Conservancy as director of the Center for Applied Research in Environmental Science, and in 1972 he left to found Environmental Concern, Inc., a nonprofit organization of which he is president and director. One of its first projects, which was backed by the Maryland Department of Natural Resources, was to plant a small marsh on sand islands that suddenly appeared at the mouth of the Susquehanna River after tropical storm Agnes washed thousands of tons of silt downstream. Unless stabilized, these islands were destined to disappear. In June of 1972 he planted cordgrass on a pilot two-acre plot, and by December the new marsh was impressive. So impressive that migrating Canada geese stopped and feasted to the extent of all but destroying the plantings. Garbisch learned that a new marsh must be protected during its first year against "eat outs," preferably with chicken wire. He later demonstrated on Hambleton Island in the Chesapeake that it takes two years to produce a self-sustaining marsh "visually and in most other ways indistinguishable from a natural one."

Shoreline erosion is a considerable problem, particularly in the Chesapeake. Garbisch believes that given the right

continued

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conditions of wave drift and tidal amplitude, he can stop erosion with marsh plants. He cites the case of a homeowner on the Chesapeake whose house was only 30 feet from the edge of the bay. The shoreline was eroding at the rate of five feet a year, which meant that in six years the house would slump into the bay. Construction of a stone jetty, groin or revetment would cost $60 per linear foot, but Garbisch figured the erosion could be halted if marsh plants were set at a cost of only $1.45 per linear foot. The owner and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers agreed to try, and the house, now protected from erosion, overlooks a four-acre marsh.

Several times Garbisch persuaded the corps to place spoil—dredged-up material—in shallow tidal waters fronting existing marshes. When the spoil was deposited at the right elevation, allowing the tide to flood and ebb, Garbisch was able to plant the areas successfully.

All this has involved a good deal of trial and effort. When Garbisch first started working with seeds, he "shotgunned" them into the spoil he was trying to plant, only to find they were quickly washed away by the tide. But placing the seeds or seedlings on spoil banks by hand can be hazardous. Banks can feel like quicksand and, Garbisch says, "When you start to sink into ooze wearing snowshoes covered with plastic, you know you're in trouble." Nowadays, he and staff members plant treacherous banks by floating over the area stomach down on rubber rafts or by using all-terrain vehicles and cultivators.

Despite Garbisch's accomplishments, some conservationists have qualms, especially since he has been a consultant for power companies in New Jersey and New Hampshire. George Reiger, of the National Wildlife Federation and a saltwater angling authority, says, "I don't want to hear an industry saying, 'Don't worry about what we destroy here; we'll have Dr. Garbisch build a bigger and better marsh.' As any fisherman knows, it just doesn't work that way. Because of tidal currents and other factors—availability of food, age, rate of growth—fish such as striped bass have certain definite preferences that just can't be met by creating a new marsh. I fear the build-a-hatchery mentality. What really matters is protection of the original habitat." John Clark, of the Conservation Foun-

continued

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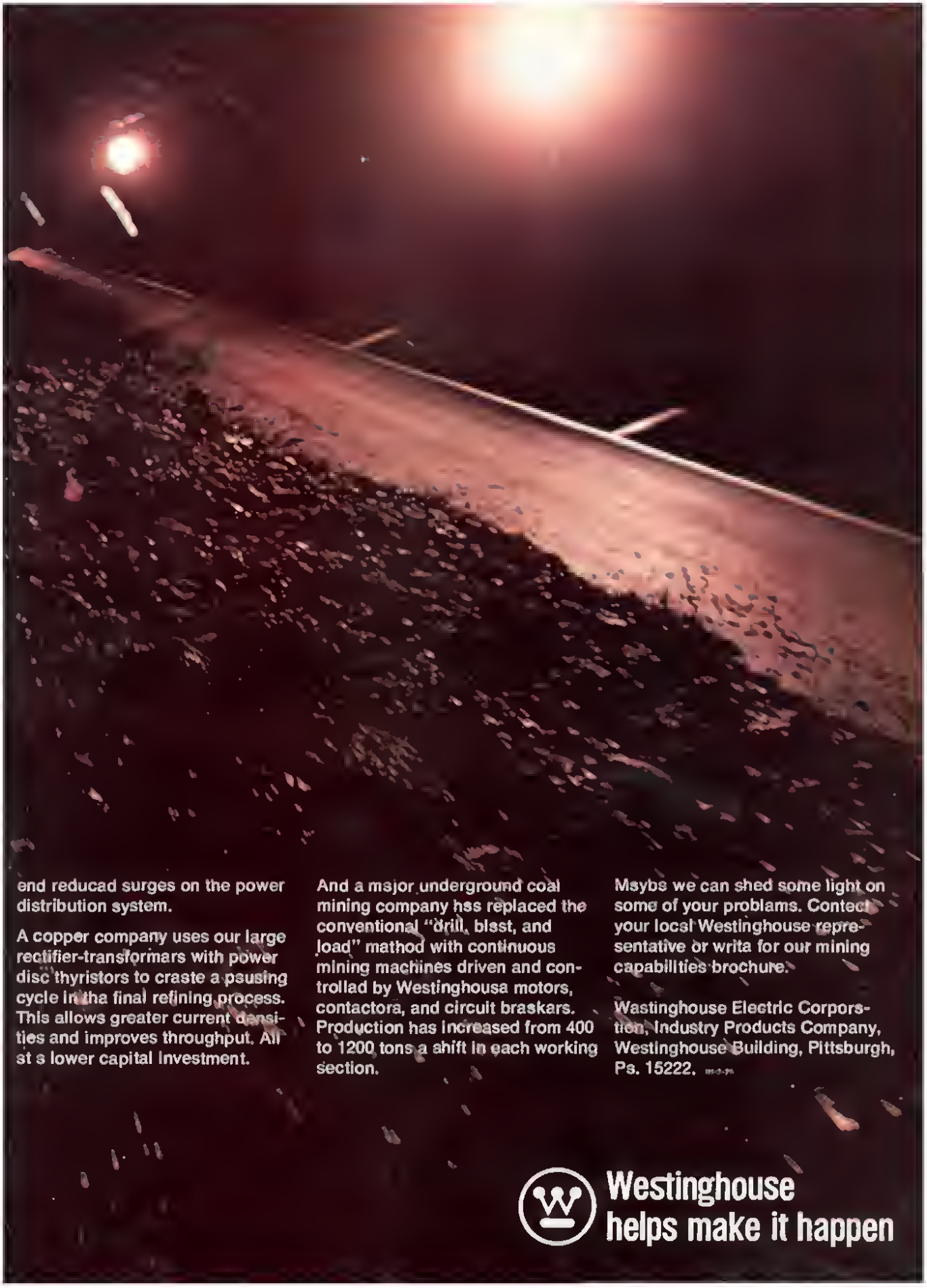

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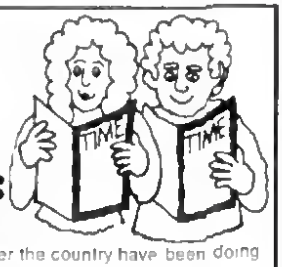

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dation, says of Garbisch, "His work is interesting, but I don't want to see him running around the country like Johnny *Spartina*seed." David Seymour, a staff naturalist for National Audubon and president of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, adds, "My own feeling is that he has a genuine concern for the natural environment and that as he becomes more aware he'll see the fallacy of his belief that the country must 'grow' without constraint."

To which Garbisch says, "I really don't feel that way, but there does have to be some give and take. It's a battlefield now. There has to be accommodation where there are alternatives to improve environmental quality in conjunction with industrial expansion or development. After all, people are part of the environment, as integral a part as striped bass and ospreys. I don't buy the dogheadedness of some conservationists. They're not realistic."

Whatever the merits of the arguments, Garbisch is plowing ahead, literally, with research on marsh plants, including *Phragmites communis*, the common reed, ordinarily dismissed as worthless. The seeds of cordgrass and *S. patens* can be turned into edible flour. The Garbisch greenhouse at St. Michaels is alive with these plants and with pots of *Scirpus robustus*, the salt marsh bulrush, *Juncas roemerianus*, needle rush, and *Typha angustifolia*, narrowleaf cattail. Garbisch is interested in the potential of certain sedges, such as the bulrush, to absorb and detoxify phenols and other pollutants by plant metabolism. He has discovered that cordgrass will thrive in freshwater when seedlings are set in floating plastic boxes, and he is thinking of placing them on a polluted pond or on sewage lagoons to see if they will scrub the water clean. He is interested in using marsh plants, sea grasses and submerged aquatic vegetation as possible absorbents of polychlorinated biphenyls, PCBs (SI, Sept. 1). "I would like to develop a screening test of aquatic plants and organisms—mussels, clams and oysters—to see if they will serve as 'sinks' for PCBs and pesticides," Garbisch says. "Some plants may metabolize PCBs."

No matter what happens and no matter what the critics say, Garbisch surely will continue to seethe with ideas. "Marshes!" he exclaims. "Twelve hours in a marsh gives you food for thought for months." **END**

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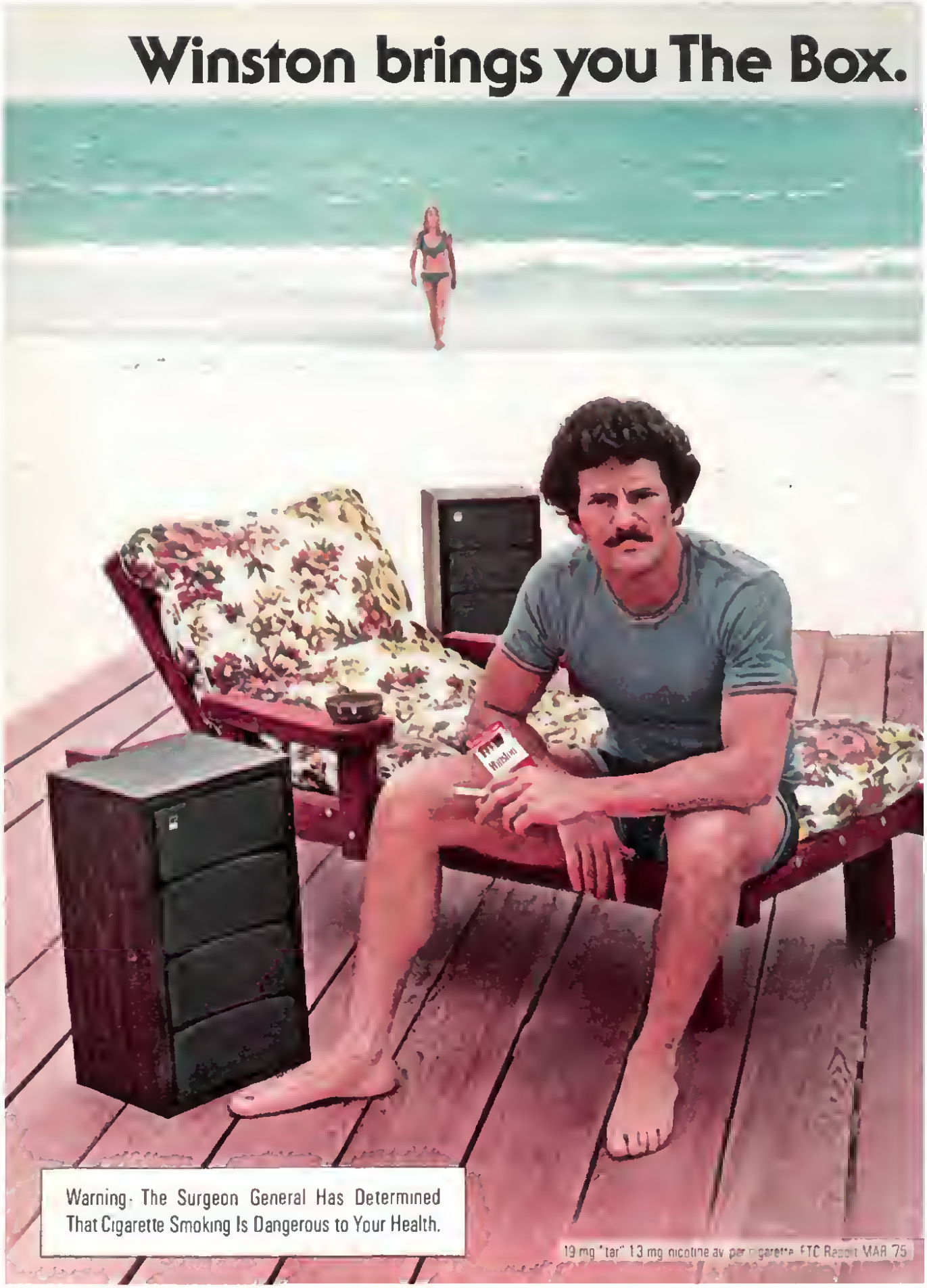

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Cleanliness might be next to godliness but New York is closer to the news media headquarters, so that's where Diana Nyad had to swim

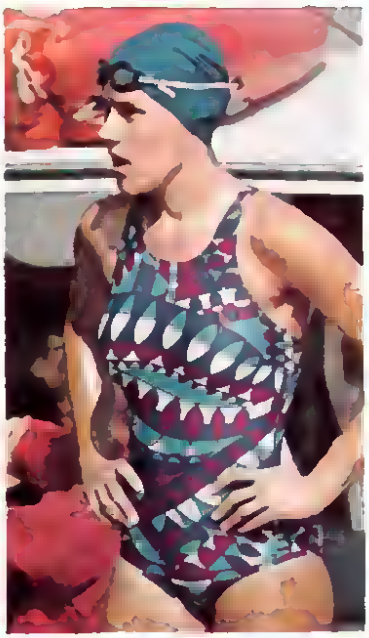
A dunk for the Apple

Wonder Woman lives, and a lot of doctors are amazed. Her name is Diana Nyad, and last Monday she swam around Manhattan Island, beating a 48-year-old record for the feat by 59 minutes while avoiding various deceased small animals, not to mention hepatitis, typhoid and dysentery. Her time for the 28-mile circumnavigation was 7 hours and 57 minutes, and afterward she took an extended vacation. Extended for Nyad, that is—one day.

Following that indulgence, she was up the next morning at 5:45 to eat two raw eggs and run three miles through city streets to Barnard College, where she is swimming coach. The Manhattan swim would be her last for many months, so she did not have her typical city workout—five hours of laps in the pool, nonstop. But she ran an additional two miles of wind sprints, coached until 8:30, then rushed downtown for her squash lesson, squash practice and calisthenics. Twice she has done 1,025 situps, about 900 more than an average Superman can do, and she says, "I don't even *do* situps." At 12:30 she ate a lunch of raw meat and raw vegetables—she eats raw food most of the time—while glancing at some homework (she is studying for a doctorate in comparative literature at NYU) and from three to five she practiced her squash again. On Saturday she ran 10 miles, on Sunday 15, and on both days she played more squash.

For six years Diana Nyad has been at or near the top among the world's professional female marathon swimmers, and now she wants to dominate another sport, squash—or, rather, she plans to. "What I really want more than anything," she says, "is respect in the sports world." And she seems about to get it. She should: she *is* alive, after all.

Why the Manhattan swim, Nyad was asked last week, and she replied, "The world is four-fifths water, but the point is to swim where the people are." And the networks, too. Now, after surviving the fast-running but fetid waters surrounding Manhattan, it remains to be seen how she copes with the New York news media, which is suddenly infatuated with her.



BEFORE ENTERING THE EAST RIVER GLOP, NYAD HAD TO ANSWER "WHY."

She has already gotten by ABC's Howard Cosell, who had her on his show Saturday night. CBS has done a documentary, NBC television has interviewed her for a sports announcing job, a publisher wants her to write a book and a big-time agent has promised her up to $75,000 a year in endorsements, about five times as much as she has made in her whole swimming career.

Clearly Diana Nyad struck a chord of some kind. About the only New Yorkers who go near their rivers are drunk or suicidal, yet here is this beguiling 25-year-old woman, attractive, ingenuous and suddenly so vulnerable.

She had failed on her first attempt, made late last month, as Hurricane Eloise soaked down the Northeast. That time, after 6 hours and 25 minutes in the water, she had reached the Battery, at the southern tip of Manhattan, at dusk and in rain that was pouring down as if the world were ending. Wind was ripping in her face on that wild, black night in the heart of one of the world's busiest harbors, and huge ferryboats seemed to be all about her. Foghorns sounded. Tugboats sheared menacingly near, and Nyad strained against a tide that should have turned but hadn't. For an hour she got nowhere, and finally she hung lifelessly in the water, unresponsive to shouts and to lights in her face. She was lifted out of the slime and dumped into her trainer's boat, then transferred to a police launch. Her face was gray, and she moaned, weakly, "So cold, so cold . . ." and, "I want a bath. Has anyone got a bath . . .?" She seemed barely alive. She was rushed to a hospital, TV and newspaper reporters trailing in her wake. An hour later, cameras whirring beside her bed, she was

continued

talking about next time. "Daring Diana," the papers began calling her.

It wasn't that she hadn't planned her swim. For eight days she researched the complex ocean tides and river currents, getting cooperation from the city but little encouragement.

"What do you do here?" she asked the Harbor Police.

"We discourage people like you," she was told.

"Would you have a record of people who have made this swim?"

"No, we call Bellevue when we want that."

But gradually a plan emerged. The place to start was in the East River at 89th Street, near the treacherous tide rip at Hell Gate. Hit Hell Gate at slack tide, she decided, just before it turns upstream. Get it out of the way at the start. It would then be a short swim up the East River, then north into the Harlem River, always with the tide, and into the Hudson, which would certainly be flowing down.

She spoke to a man who had completed the swim in 1961. It had taken him more than 19 hours, and he told her, "At one point in the East River I was pulled under by a whirlpool and I didn't come up for 400 yards." But that did not faze Nyad.

She had vomited for three days after her failure, but she was ready to go again. And when her coach Cliff Lumsdon, once Canada's most celebrated marathon swimmer, could not come back for the second attempt, and her number two coach, Sue Wiersum, simply refused, Nyad only became more determined. "Why are you setting yourself up for this failure?" Wiersum screamed over the phone. "The water's cold, and you've been sick."

Nyad was undaunted. "You know the term in boxing, 'heart'?" she asked. "Well in swimming we say 'hungry,' and that's how I feel. My adrenaline is pumping so fast I just gotta do it. Sue says it's purely masochistic, what I do, but I'm like Muhammad Ali. After the Manila fight he said he felt like he'd been run over by a train. Why would anyone let that happen to him? To be heavyweight champion of the world? He'll be dead in fifty years, won't he, but he's got to *do* something now, and so do I."

Unlike the first attempt, which did not generate much pre-swim interest, the second saw New York City waiting. The seawall at 89th Street was a forest of TV cameras. "Why?" was the word one kept hearing, and finally Nyad said, "If you want to know why I'm going to do it, I have no concrete answer. It's just that I have a personal and intimate psychological relationship with marathon swimming." At 11:35 a.m. she lowered herself into the water and plowed off. Across the river was the mouth of Flushing Creek, an apt name considering what Nyad would soon be swimming through.

At 12:55 she was in the Harlem River, abreast of Yankee Stadium. She swam past a dead rat, a dead bird and a clot of

milk cartons, to mention a few of the more pleasant things sharing the watercourse that day. When she stopped to eat, her goggles were half clouded over with scum from the river, and her hands shook, spilling her drink of Sustagen laced with dextrose. The water temperature was 65 degrees, the absolute minimum, she said, for a swim requiring eight hours.

The Hudson was unnaturally rough, but Nyad all but porpoised through the waves, seemingly rejuvenated by them. Ten minutes south of the George Washington Bridge an artist friend, pressed into service as her coach for the day, scribbled a message on a blackboard and held it up: LOOKING STRONG, WE LOVE YOU. An hour later another message was held up: SLOW DOWN. It was four o'clock and Nyad was almost to the Battery, but the tide would not turn up the East River until at least five. "Oh God, no," her friend said, "not again."

That is how it goes in a distance swimmer's boat; the swings in mood are sudden and wild, and as her amateur crew vacillated, Nyad tore off her goggles and shouted, "I'm going to backstroke and drift until we get to Battery Park. Then, if it looks O.K., we'll go ahead." Eight feet above, on the sidewalk beneath the twin towers of the World Trade Center, people walked along and waved, shouting her name. For the first time in the day she could hear people, and with her goggles off, could see them, but all around Manhattan they had been watching and calling.

At 5:05 she swam around the Battery. The current flowing out from the East River had stopped. She began to use her crawl again, and soon, as she swam beneath the Brooklyn Bridge, the sun setting over Wall Street behind her, the evening crisp and bright, all the fear in her boat was gone.

The current was moving upstream now. She passed the Empire State Building at 6:45, and as it grew dark, all along the East River Drive, from 50th Street north, people were coming to the river. "You can make it, Diana," they shouted, running along. She did. "I feel very proud," she said, and she spoke of a book she had started last fall, after climbing Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa. The title: *It's Not Easy Being Wonder Woman.* END

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by Ron Rau

CONTINUED

The farmer behind the cue ball in the bar along Kansas' Route 36 said that there were just as many pheasants as last year. Then he made a good shot on the three-ball but scratched. He was young, perhaps 24 or 25, with blond hair almost down to his shoulders. He wore overalls and a pin-striped railroad shirt and looked like the prototype of 10,000 Mother Earth hippie farmers, except that he was real. He had been out of Kansas only once, to Denver. The farm ties you down a lot, he explained.

It was 9 p.m. Friday, the night before the opening of pheasant season. John and I had just driven into Kansas from Denver. We were stiff and thirsty from five hours in the truck and curious about who would be in a Route 36 Kansas bar, 10 miles from a town.

Another farmer took the cue ball from the scratch hole and lined up on a ball in front of a side pocket. He was 50 or 60 or 70 years old and had short hair that looked like quack grass cut too close with a power mower. He had taken off his cap and the top half of his forehead was bed-sheet white. The white went all the way around and you could see it through the chopped hair halfway down the back of his head. The rest of his face had been baked into well-tanned furrows by the Kansas sun. He said that there were more birds than last year but that last year had been a poor year. He said it to the cue ball and then ran three or four before missing.

There were six or eight other farmers in the bar, and the bartender, and they were all very friendly and curious about people who drove hundreds of miles to hunt pheasants. They were glad to get some new blood on their table, too. You could sense that there wasn't much else to do in a bar on Route 36. We had two beers, dropped $2 (at 50¢ a game) and got two invitations to "come on out to the farm and hunt." But there were people waiting for us in Norcatur, 40 miles down the road.

We pulled into Norcatur at 11 in a light drizzle that suggested a duck hunt instead of a pheasant hunt. There were no streetlights, and you could imagine certain of the townsfolk saying that if God hadn't wanted it to get dark He wouldn't have let the sun set.

The town had an eerie science-fiction feeling—a slow drizzle, deserted streets and three or four darkened stores. There were only a few lighted living rooms in the big two-story houses, yellow dimly lit rooms highlighted by the radiant glow of a television set. We drove around west of Main Street until we saw a lighted Coleman lantern hanging from the open side door of a garage.

"This is it," I said to John.

The driveway looked like a parking lot. Half of our hunting party were trying to sleep in the garage. They shared the floor with a shiny black Mercury and a galvanized tub of night crawlers. Some casting rods were stacked in one corner. It was a clean, tidy garage with a rough cement floor. The Lieutenant and Mary slept on foam rubber pads.

We all live in Alaska and for four years now the Lieutenant has taken delight in inviting me over to his cabin for a Christmas dinner of pheasant and quail, shot in Kansas a month earlier. Not that I am such great company but because he knows I haven't shot a pheasant or quail in the seven years I have lived in Alaska. The Lieutenant grew up in Kansas and wasn't about to miss a pheasant opening just because be now lives in Alaska, which was always my excuse. The Christmas dinners were a subtle form of high-pressure salesmanship.

"How was the trip?" the Lieutenant asked.

"It was long," I said. "Where's the pheasants?"

"You must be John Zillich," the Lieutenant said, sitting up, extending his hand to John. "This is Mary Willow Dilsey Trudy Coote."

"Just call me Mary."

"Hi."

"Hi."

I walked toward a guy on a cot, probably the Wichita lineman I had heard so much about in the Lieutenant's hunting and high school hell-raising stories.

"You must be Terry Coward," I said.

"You must be Ron Rau."

We shook hands.

Thus the meeting of favorite-hunting-buddies-you-should-meet was accomplished.

"Move that tub of worms and there's room for you two to crash in the west wing of this suite," the Lieutenant said.

We moved the worm tub and got the single mattress out of the truck from under six or eight pieces of driftwood I had picked up at Muncho Lake on the Alcan Highway. I insisted that John sleep on the mattress. I would sleep on the front seat of the pickup where I had been sleeping for six nights, ever since tbe driftwood got the mattress.

"Where's everyone else?" I asked. "How many gunners do we have? Where's the pheasants?"

"Dad and Mom's in the camper," the Lieutenant answered. "Jug's in his camper. My brother and his kids are in the basement. There's a friend of Jug's somewheres. We got eight walkers and two blockers, and the pheasants is sleeping like we ought to be."

I took the hint and turned the lantern off and bedded down in the pickup. I lit up a smoke and put the sound track from *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly* on the cassette player. Somehow it was just right for midnight before pheasant season. I rolled the window down and let the warm night air rush in, moist and heavy witb the smell of things still green and growing. Eight gunners and two blockers. It seemed like too many people. And four dogs. Four black Labs. All questionable. There was Tar, 13 months old and starting to retrieve ducks but never on a pheasant hunt before. There was Pete,

continued

who had seen too many pheasant hunts and had to be helped in and out the back of a pickup. And my friend John had brought his two Labs from Denver, well-trained dogs that were excellent retrievers and had won ribbons in field trials, but this would be their first pheasant hunt, too. In Michigan, where I grew up, I always preferred hunting with two or three people and a pointing dog. But it was different in Kansas, the Lieutenant kept telling me. The fields are bigger and you need to drive the birds. Then they get into the draws and you need two or three people in the draws and a bunch more up above and at the end.

I could hear the rain pattering on the cab and the leaves rustling in the trees and the music was going into a crescendo and I was trying to imagine what the big fields and draws must look like and thinking how Terry looked different from the mental picture I had drawn. I was also thinking that if anyone could handle the movements of 10 hunters in the field it would be the Lieutenant and how I was going to be on my best behavior in the morning and do everything he told me even if I didn't agree and if things didn't go well with so many in the hunting party John and I could take his two dogs and hunt by ourselves. Then someone was pounding on the door of the truck asking if I wanted to sleep through the opening morning of bird season.

It was good to see the Lieutenant's father again. Clyde is 72, short and wiry, white-haired. He stands up to your shoulders and goes over your head with his dry humor. Clyde and Pete, the 13-year-old Lab, belonged together like the white ring on a cock pheasant's neck.

It was still drizzling when we got to the first field. There was no sunrise and the sky was equally twilight in every direction. It was going to be one of those slate-gray mornings where there is no real brightness until noon. I was interested in the country. I could tell it was a land of gentle rolling hills, long hills, and treeless, except in the draws and the creek bottoms. The land was slate gray like the sky. It was still too dark to get a good look. Everyone was wondering what would be best to wear in the wet fields.

I had the perfect thing, an old pair of waders, the rubber so cracked and unpatchable that I had cut the feet out of them. I had thrown them into the truck just before leaving Alaska, stiff and frozen and useless. Now they were the envy of the hunt. Clyde came up and asked how much I had paid for them and if they didn't leak. I told him they leaked only if I went into the water. Then it was time to get into the first field, which was wheat stubble—eight hunters spread out a gun range apart walking across the grain of the field toward a draw where the blockers would be. The Lieutenant caught up to me and explained that ordinarily we wouldn't walk across the grain of a field because the birds don't like to run across the grain, but since it was the first day they should be sitting tight. Then he asked what gypo outfit I had bought the leggings from and hurried on down to the swing end of the line.

"Abercrombie & Fitch," I hollered.

Two deer bounded across a spring wheat field and everyone shouted and then the first birds got up two or three hundred yards ahead of us. Five, eight, 10, 15, 20 birds coming off the side of a hill and flying into the grayness of the morning. It was too dark to tell the cocks from the hens. It was exciting to be hunting pheasants again and I waved at John on my right and could tell he was excited too. Then a bird got up close going straight away and I pulled up on it not knowing what it was. "Come on, cackle, you birds. Damn these clouds," I was yelling, and John was yelling, "Hen! Hen! Hen!" I lowered my shotgun, aware of the charge of excitement that had flashed through me. That was the thrill of pheasant hunting, or any hunting where the action happens so fast you are never ready. If the bird had been a cock I wouldn't have been aware of the shock because it would have been lost in the act of shooting. You only notice it when you don't get to spend the excitement.

Then we swung into the draw and there was a single shot and someone said that Terry had a bird down and needed a dog. And then two hens got up between John and me. I was sure they were hens and so was John, but the morning light was deceiving. You couldn't pick up any colors at all. The brush was head-high and wet and thick and there were dusting bowls underneath the bushes, wet and dark, smooth, round pheasant craters. Then there was the rattle of wings from a bird I never saw.

"Did you see it?" I shouted to John.

"Hen," he shouted back. Then added, "I think."

Next, five or six birds got up ahead, in range, going straight away and flying low just over the bushes below the horizon. I pulled up on one, two, three birds, but how can you shoot if there are no colors? Then it dawned on me that the second bird had a bluish sheen just above the tail feathers—a cock.

John and I took his two dogs and climbed a steep hill into a small field that had been recently pastured. It still had a good cover of weeds and sunflowers. We could see the rest of the party below us and decided to work the field down into another draw to which the blockers should have moved.

We started into the field and two birds got up between us and something in me said, "Don't shoot. Don't shoot," and something else said, "Are you sure?" Then a bird as long as my shotgun got up right in front of John and the whole world knew it was a cock.

"Shoot!" I shouted.

BOOM!

The bird came down and bounced and flopped once above the weeds and was gone by the time we got there. John's dogs were crazy with excitement, running around looking for a duck or a sock or something to retrieve.

"I don't think they saw him come down," John said.

"It looked like he was hit pretty good," I said.

"When they flop like that they're usually dead."

And suddenly old Pete was there, drawn by the shot. He took off on a line down the field with his arthritic gait. I followed him at a fast walk as the old dog chugged down the field. Soon I was jogging as Pete picked up steam like a locomotive. I loved that old dog who was cold and partially deaf and stiff with arthritis and going as fast as he could down the field. All of a sudden two birds got up at the end of the field and I wanted to shoot but the voice said "No! No!" and then a rooster got up behind us and it was wonderful to finally know I had a shot and pull up on him and wait him out and touch off at perfect range. He came down hard and flopped several times and one of John's dogs had him before Pete could get stopped and turned around. The old dog walked up to us and plopped down with his sides heaving.

We worked another three fields before hitting a short draw. Coming out of it we saw some other hunters, the first we'd seen all morning. They weren't finding many birds. Someone has been hunting

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HOBBIES: Lithography, golf, classical music

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Low's Autobiography

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Won the 1974 Pulitzer Prize for editorial cartoons.

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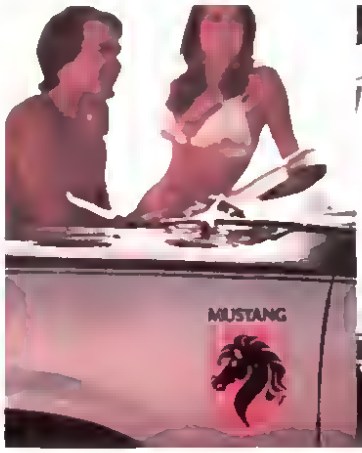

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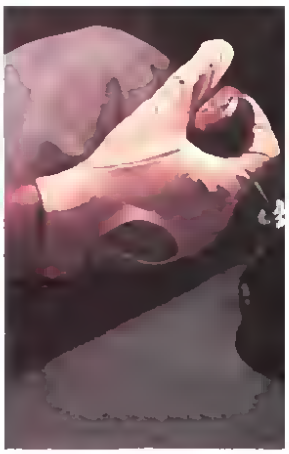

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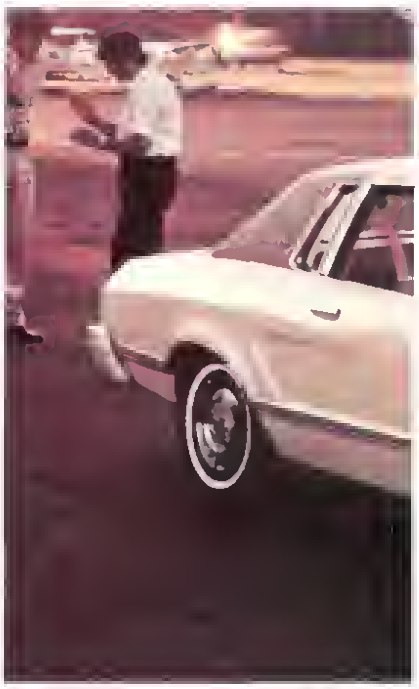

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them already, they said. By noon the sky had cleared and the landscape was alive with the fast-moving shadows of cumulus clouds. The pickups had a two-inch layer of yellow mud inside and out. And we had only eight birds. John and I were happy because we had two apiece, a good morning by Michigan standards. The Kansans were grumbling. The worst opening morning they ever had. Damn poachers.

During the drive back to town for lunch, I kept looking at the wonderful bird cover we were passing. A good little one-man draw, a classic abandoned farmhouse with the yard full of weeds and broken-down outbuildings and a relic of a windmill; the road ditches, the fencerows. "Let me out here," I was thinking. "I'll walk back to town. I haven't known east from west all morning but I can see the water tower. I still got my breakfast sandwich in my pocket. Let me out at this draw." But I didn't say it. Kansas pheasant hunting *did* seem to be a social event.

One hour later we were just off Route 36 walking toward some railroad tracks in a huge wheat stubble field overgrown with sunflowers. Old Pete was so tired he stayed in the car. The other dogs were on everyone's blacklist because we had lost four cripples that morning.

The field was terraced and the sunflowers grew thicker and higher on top of the terraces. It was wonderful pheasant cover. I wanted to hunt it all myself, to zigzag from terrace to terrace. A cock rattled up in the sunlight on the other side of Clyde, in front of Terry, and he missed it three times. Another cock got up behind Terry and he wheeled around and killed it. Two more cocks and a hen jumped on the other side of us and the cocks stumbled in midair before we heard the firecracker burst of shots. We held up until the birds had been retrieved. When we started walking again a cock got up right in front of me. I shot too quickly and off to one side but the bird came down and three seconds later I was standing where he dropped looking crazily from side to side like a cartoon character with a big question mark over its head. Another cripple. John came over with his dogs and I threw my cap down to mark the spot. Just then five or six birds got squeezed too tight between the walkers and the railroad tracks and got up. The firecrackers went off again and I watched one cock angling toward us. There were other birds flying, too, but I kept my eye on just that one. When he was as close as he would get, just out of range it seemed, I shot *boom boom boom* and the bird rocked. Then *BOOM!* I looked straight up to see another cock tumbling through the sky and John let out a whoop and the bird hit the ground and bounced three feet and was dead.

John was ecstatic. "What a shot! Comin' right at us. Did you shoot him, too?" he asked me.

"No, I never saw that bird. I was shooting at one out in front of us."

John whooped again.

"Man, that's worth the trip, right there. If I don't get another shot the trip's been worth it."

I was awful glad I hadn't seen the bird. It would have spoiled John's shot if both of us had been shooting at the same bird. That is one of my objections to hunting with a large party, two or three people shooting at the same bird. Clyde and Terry were standing together off to our right and ahead of us and then we saw Clyde stuffing a bird into Terry's game bag.

"Is that the one I was shooting at?" I hollered.

"Yeah, you just weighted him down a little bit," Terry said.

Good, I felt better. I had already crippled and lost one bird in this field and had rocked the bird Terry now had twice. Nothing can ruin a hunt like losing cripples. Before we finished the field, the Lieutenant shot two cocks on a single rise, our first double.

Back into the trucks again and on to another wheat stubble-sunflower field, everyone agreeing that we were seeing more birds in these fields than in the draws. Then we were walking again, rotating the dogs, Pete and Tar with us now and John's dogs in a pickup scrambling back and forth over the seats and howling, not believing that we had left them behind. Old Pete went into his beeline gait and I ran with him and we were 200 yards out in front before two hens flushed. We had to wait for people to catch up and suddenly I noticed that the sun was about to set and this would be our last field and it had seemed like only two hours since lunch and I never did have time to take my waders off.

We dressed out the birds in the basement and everyone got cleaned up enough for the pheasant hunters' dinner at the church. The church dinner must have been the farm wives' warmup for

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The Hunt

Thanksgiving. There were barbecued ribs, barbecued chicken, fried chicken, turkey, candied ham, sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, salads, pickled beets, pickled onions, pickled carrots and any kind of pie or cake you wanted. There were 150 people jammed into the church. Mostly it was the townspeople and their families. We ate all we wanted for $2 and walked back through town to the garage.

"Damn," the Lieutenant said after a l of us garage people had crawled into sleeping bags and were lying there looking at the Coleman lantern and the grille of the Mercury.

"Damn what?" I asked.

"Losing those cripples. The dogs should have found them."

"I think it was one of those rains that just washes the scent away," John said.

"We never lost that many cripples before. That would have given us 26 birds today. Almost respectable."

"You aren't happy with 20 birds?" I asked.

"Not on opening day with as many guns as we had," the Lieutenant said. "We should have had 40 birds."

John looked at me and gave me a Michigan-was-never-like-this grin. He'd really meant it about the overhead pheasant being worth the trip.

I tried to recall every pheasant we got and could only remember 12. I tried again and got up to 16. I was dead tired with a belly full of food but still too excited to sleep. It was wonderful lying there being that tired with nothing to think about except the birds we had shot and the birds we would shoot the next day and maybe the day after. I tried to get all 20 birds one more time but fell asleep.

We were in the fields again at sunup and the sky was cloudy but not as dark as the day before, the clouds were high and the rain was gone. Mary got the first bird, her first ever. We drove to a creek bottom they called The Big Thousand because everyone who was there one day in a snowstorm swore that a thousand birds had flushed out of it. It was full of cattle with the good cover beaten down and there was no way we could hunt it.

The Lieutenant stood there looking down at the cows. He placed his hat over his heart.

"The cow is of the bovine ilk, one end is moo, the other milk," he said.

Clyde stomped away. "See," he said to Jug. "See what he learnt in college?"

We stayed with the wheat stubble fields, hopping into the pickups, getting out, walking a field, hopping in again and driving a mile or two to the next field. Pete tore the stuffing out of the front seat of one pickup, clear down to the springs, irate because he didn't get to work a certain field. I kept Clyde entertained with my zigzagging and in the middle of one field it paid off when a cackling rooster jumped out of a clump of tumbleweeds I had zigged toward. It paid off again 10 minutes later at the end of the same field when the birds had decided to sit tight instead of running across the road.

John left at noon, heading back to Denver, and some of the relatives left, so we had only five walkers and one blocker. We still got 13 birds before dark and Clyde walked every field, even with a hole in his leg incurred that morning while breaking up a dogfight. We had taken just as many birds the second day as we had the first.

It had been dark and quiet in the garage for 15 minutes and I thought everyone but me was asleep. "Dammit, Tar," Terry said sternly. "If I miss another easy shot tomorrow I'm going to cut off your tail."

We were in the fields again before sunrise, Clyde walking only every other field, Pete walking the first two and then tiring, his knees giving way when we tried to help him into a pickup. My Achilles tendons ached. The best remedy is to keep walking, but I had a bad knee too and had to hand-lift my leg into the pickup. I didn't zigzag as much, only near the end of a field. We had six birds by noon. We were down to four drivers, one dog and two blockers. Still, we got birds. We got birds up in almost every field. The highlight of the afternoon was a cock that the Lieutenant rocked twice, knocking out a good pile of feathers the first shot, only to watch it fly strongly away straight into town, disappearing into the green trees between two white houses. Fifteen minutes later Clyde drove up with a dead cock found in front of the cafe on Main Street.

Four of us were in the garage on the third night. A tubful of cleaned pheasants in cold water was beside the night crawlers. We had 50 birds now and even the Lieutenant had stopped grumbling. I could feel the hunt ending. Terry was talking up duck hunting at the Cheyenne Bottoms, Jug had left for Topeka, Clyde's leg wasn't healing properly, the

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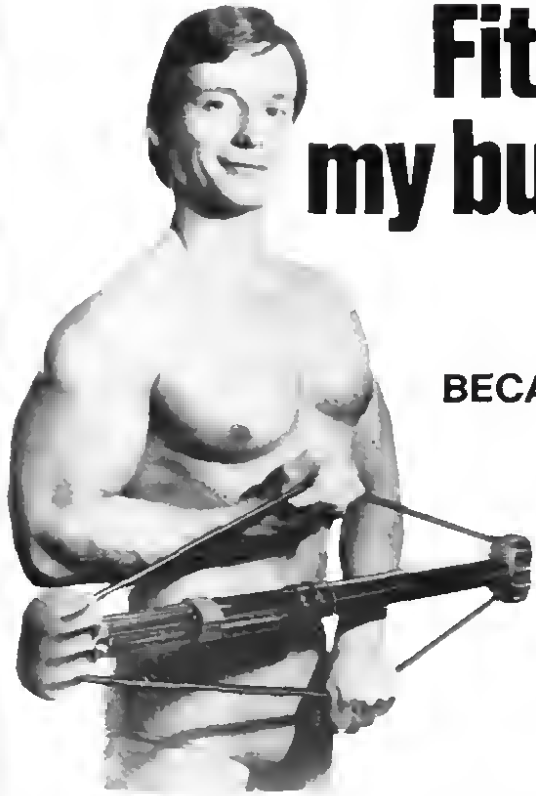

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Lieutenant had someth ng in h s eye that nobody could find My groin muscles were sore now along with the bad knee and Achilles tendons.

But how nice to go to sleep trying to remember every bird I had shot, which was now 13. I remembered 12 of them the first time and then I remembered all of my birds in order and then it was time to get up

We were late getting into the fields Clyde's leg was feeling better and he walked with us and there was only Francis, his wife, left to drive the truck, and no blockers. The Lieutenant's eye was running and he missed two easy shots and Pete gave out after the first field. Tar had learned a lot in the last three days and was beginning to hunt We worked two more fields and Clyde got a bird and Pete tried another field with us but ended up walking behind Clyde, looking sad and old, not hunting or caring to. Suddenly it was time to quit. We all felt it The Lieutenant surveyed his troops, four battered tired veterans of three days' continuous walking, the only survivors from an army of 10 or 12. After lunch we said goodby.

Yet, I was anxious to find out if one man walking alone on the fourth day of the season could take pheasants. I had to try. The first place I stopped was that two-story abandoned farmhouse. Weeds grew up to the empty window frames, the wooden planking was gray and aged, worth thousands of dollars back East where gray, aged wooden planks are in. I jumped three hens beside the horse barn, cut across a junk-filled, burr-filled draw, walked a fencerow beside a milo field, cut across the draw again and shot a cock in the front yard. Half an hour later and five miles down the road I got another cock out of the knee-deep brush alongside the railroad tracks Then I got one out of a draw.

I shot my last bird in the backyard of another deserted farmhouse. He flushed wild, coming up out of the weeds and quartering away, and it was suddenly too easy to pull up on him, touch off, see the explosion of feathers and dust and the bird tumbling in a graceful arc toward the ground. I ran to where I thought he came down, stopped, looked down, and there he lay at my feet trembling in death. I felt the quick rush of hunter's remorse, the sadness and guilt that comes from killing too much too easily.

It was a fine sunny Kansas day and these were fine shiny Kansas birds and suddenly I didn't feel like hunting anymore. I had experienced the same remorse killing caribou and ducks and ptarmigan in Alaska and after killing a ruffed grouse in Michigan and once, forever now, after killing whitetail deer in Michigan, but never before had I felt sad or guilty about killing a cock pheasant. I had walked two miles for every bird I shot and now I walked back to the truck thinking that once you felt remorseful about killing a certain animal, it meant that you had finally overmastered him. You would be a cooler, craftier, less excitable hunter, and always feel that you had the edge on him, and hunting him would never be the same again. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 6-12

ROATING—ROCKY AOKI, of New York, averaging 76.7 mph, slammed his 35-foot Cigarette *Bordeaux Spirit* to victory in the 183-mile Miami-Nassau powerboat race, arriving 31 minutes ahead of the fleet and scratching six minutes off the course record.

BOWLING—BUD STOUDT, of Lebanon, Pa., won the men's singles title at the World Tenpin championships in Telworth, England, to give the U.S. its only gold medal. Of the 32 nations competing, five shared the top honors in the eight events.

BOXING—ERBITO SALAVARRIA of the Philippines retained his WBA flyweight championship by winning a split decision at Yokohama over Japan's Susumu Hanagata, from whom he won the title on a split decision last April.

RODOLFO MARTINEZ of Mexico retained his WBC bantamweight title by outpointing Hisami Numata of Japan at Sendai.

In the first defense of his WBA welterweight title, Puerto Rico's ANGEL ESPADA gained a unanimous decision over Johnny Gant of Washington, D.C., in Ponce, Puerto Rico.

ALEXIS ARGUELLO of Nicaragua knocked out Royal Kobayashi in the fifth round at Tokyo to retain his WBC featherweight title.

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS defeated Tom Weiskopf 2 and 1 to capture the $117,500 International All-Star tournament at Columbus (*page 24*).

For the second year in a row, GENE LITTLER won the $300,000 Taiheiyo Club Masters tournament in Sobu, Japan, with a 6-under-par 278. He ended play with a one-stroke edge over four opponents by shooting a one-under-par 70 for the last 18 holes. Third-round leader Lee Elder shot a 74 to tie for second.

GARY PLAYER carded a final-round 73 to finish with a ten-under par 278 total to beat Lanny Wadkins by six strokes in the Lancome Trophy tournament in Paris.

Defending champion HALE IRWIN birdied the 34th hole to defeat Al Geiberger 4 and 2 in the finals of the Piccadilly World Match Play championship at Virginia Water, Surrey, England.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL: Four teams remain undefeated. Cincinnati exploded late in the third period, scoring two touchdowns on drives engineered by Quarterback Ken Anderson, to whip the winless New England Patriots 27–10 (*page 22*). Chuck Foreman got 205 total yards and tallied three touchdowns to lead Minnesota past the New York Jets 29–21. Buffalo, with O.J. Simpson running for 159 yards in 32 carries, waited until the last period to ice its win over Baltimore, 38–31, Jim Braxton scoring his third touchdown with 6:04 remaining. Dallas trailed 7–6 at the start of the last quarter, but a four-yard Roger Staubach to Jean Fugett touchdown pass enabled the Cowboys to beat the Giants 13–7. Previously unbeaten Oakland was upset by Kansas City 42–10, in a game that featured the Chiefs' Quarterback Mike Livingston's three TD passes and one-yard scoring run. Bill Munson started at quarterback for Detroit for the first time this season and tossed three touchdown passes in a 27–7 defeat of Chicago. Houston and Pittsburgh both registered their third wins, Dan Pastorini steering the Oilers past Cleveland 40–10, and Steeler Lynn Swann celebrating two TD passes in Pittsburgh's 20–9 defeat of Denver. Miami downed Philadelphia 24–16 and Atlanta defeated San Francisco 17–3. In the season's second sudden-death overtime, the Los Angeles Rams tripped the San Diego Chargers 13–10 on Tom Dempsey's 22-yard field goal. And in the battle of two winless teams, New Orleans and Green Bay, the Saints prevailed 20–19 on a 21-yard field goal by Rich Szaro with 22 seconds remaining.

WFL—The Philadelphia Bell traveled 7,000 miles to face the Hawaiians, but were foiled in their attempt to cover just 19 yards with a field goal, as Ken Burnham blocked the kick with four seconds to play to preserve a 14–13 victory. Eastern Division rivals Memphis and Birmingham clashed. The Vulcans amassing 321 yards of total offense in beating the Southmen 18–14. The Hornets stung the Jacksonville Express 22–15 and Anthony Davis dashed for 139 yards in 25 carries as his Southern California Sun scorched the Shreveport Steamer 30–30. Western Division leader San Antonio lost in overtime to the Portland Thunder 28–25.

HARNESS RACING—BRET'S CHAMP ($30.20), driven by Billy Haughton, won the $154,222 Messenger Stakes at Roosevelt Raceway, edging Seatrain by a neck in 1:59⅗ to equal the stakes record.

HOCKEY—NHL: The Pittsburgh Penguins (2-0) faced off against the Washington Capitals (0-3) to open the NHL's 59th season. Pittsburgh played the Capitals twice, winning both games by scores of 4–2 and 7–5. The Montreal Canadiens (3-0) dominated play in the Norris Division with a powerful offense that produced 25 goals in the first three games, five of them coming against the Otter-less Boston Bruins (0-1-1) in the second period of a 9–4 rout. The California Golden Seals (2-1) won their first two games. Buffalo Goalie Roger Crozier registered his 30th NHL shutout against the Detroit Red Wings (0-2), as the Sabres showed early signs of strength, ending the week (2-0) atop the Adams Division. Defending Stanley Cup champion Philadelphia (3-0-1) leads the Patrick Division, while both the New York Rangers (1-1-1) and the New York Islanders (1-0-2) began the season with a win and a tie. The Kansas City Scouts (1-0-1) lead in the Smythe Division.

WHA: Two strong teams from the Canadian Division opened the league's fourth season, the Winnipeg Jets (2-0) outscoring the Quebec Nordiques (1-1) 5–3. The Houston Aeros (1-0) began their campaign to retain the Avco World Trophy with a 5–0 whomping of the New England Whalers (0-1). 47-year old Gordie Howe adding a goal and an assist to his scoring totals. Phoenix (2-1) beat the San Diego Mariners (0-2) twice, and moved to the top of the Western Division. In their WHA debut the Cincinnati Stingers stopped the Cleveland Crusaders (0-1) 1–0 behind the sharp goaltending of Serge Aubry. The Indianapolis Racers (1-1) defeated the Denver Spurs (0-1) 7–1 to share an early lead in the Eastern Division with Cincinnati (1-0).

HORSE RACING—SNOW KNIGHT ($4) was declared winner of Belmont Park's $114,000 Man o' War Stakes when stewards upheld a double claim of foul against the first finisher, One on the Aisle, dropping the race's only 3-year-old entry to second.

TENNIS—JAN KODES, of Czechoslovakia, defeated Italy's Adriano Panatta 6–2, 3–6, 7–6, 6–2 to win the $75,000 Madrid Grand Prix, after Panatta had advanced into the finals by beating Bjorn Borg of Sweden.

BRIAN GOTTFRIED beat fellow American Harold Solomon by sweeping three sets 6–2, 7–6, 6–1, to win the $10,000 first prize money at the South Pacific Championships in Melbourne.

NANCY GUNTER netted her first victory in three years by defeating defending champion Virginia Wade 4–6, 7–5, 6–4 in the $50,000 Phoenix Thunderbirds tournament.

MILEPOSTS—ADDED: Four new franchises to the American Soccer League, bringing the total to 13. When Oakland, San Diego, Sacramento and Los Angeles begin play in 1976, the league will extend coast-to-coast for the first time in its 42-year existence.

PENALIZED: CLEMSON UNIVERSITY's basketball team, for violating rules in 12 NCAA categories. The Tigers were put on three years probation, which prohibits them from appearing in NCAA-sanctioned televised events and in postseason tournaments. As a further penalty, grants-in-aid were cut from six to two for the 1976-77 season.

PURCHASED: For $10.6 million controlling interest (84%) in the New England Patriots by the team's founder, William H. Sullivan Jr. of Boston, who had been ousted as club president by stockholders in April 1974. He has been elected chairman of the board of directors.

SOLD: The BALTIMORE COMETS of the North American Soccer League, to a California group headed by Kenneth Keegan, part owner of NASL's San Jose Earthquakes. Plans include moving the Comets to San Diego, with Keegan divesting himself of his interest in the Earthquakes.

TRADED: DAN ISSEL, four-time ABA All-Star, from the Baltimore Claws to the Denver Nuggets, in exchange for Center Dave Robisch, future considerations and an estimated $600,000.

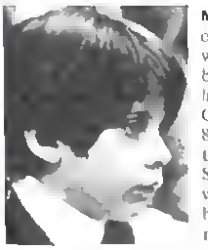
DIED: EUGENE V. MORI, 77, after a long illness, in Medford, N.J. Mori was founder and owner of Garden State Park and held an interest in Hialeah until 1972, when he sold out for a $14 million profit.

DIED: MAY SUTTON BUNDY, 88, who in 1905 became the first U.S. Wimbledon champion, of cancer, in Santa Monica, Calif. Bundy also won at Wimbledon in 1907 and was the 1908 Rose Bowl queen.

CREDITS

4—Manny Millan. 15—Dick Raphael, Heinz Kluetmeier. 16, 17—Heinz Kluetmeier (2), Herb Scharfman, John Iacono, Dick Raphael. 18, 19—John Iacono. 20, 21—Rich Clarkson. 50, AP. 61, Bell Brainerd-LIFE. 69, W.I. Blanche. 66—John Iacono. 72, Carl Iwasaki. 79—Ed Streek, Camera 5. 89—Tony Triolo. 107, James G. Wilson-Greenville News-Piedmont, Jeff Johnson.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MICHAEL SANCHEZ, 8, of Maplewood, N.J., was the youngest member (by three years) of his Manhattan Chess Club team when it lost 8½ to 3½ in a 12-game telex match against a Swiss team. Sanchez, who played the eighth board, resigned after 42 moves.

MEREDITH LEE CRAMER, 10, of Albuquerque, set six state age-group swimming records in the six events she entered at an AAU meet in Las Cruces, N. Mex. 50- and 100-meter breaststroke, 100 and 200 freestyle, 100 backstroke and 200 individual medley.

SEAN DAVIS, a fifth-grader at St. Pius X School in Baltimore, rolled a 406 series to break a high set world duckpin bowling record (8-to-9-year-old division). His season average of 95.06 for 50 games was tops in his Pee Wee and Prep leagues.

TERRY DAY, a Pickens (S.C.) High senior, rushed to a school-record 347 yards on 31 carries as the Blue Flame won its opener 46–13. Day, a 6-foot, 205-pound halfback, scored on runs of 60, 20, eight and two yards in his team's 54th consecutive regular-season win.

CAROL COOK, a junior at Iowa State, set a U.S. women's record of 34:49 for the 10,000-meter run in an AAU meet in Los Angeles. Running on a St. Louis track this summer, Cook placed second nationally in the hour run, covering 10 miles and 205 yards.

TOM WARREN, 31, of San Diego, won the 24-mile Clear Lake Triathon, consisting of a 15-mile run, a 3-mile swim across Clear Lake, a 2,000-foot ascent and descent of Mount Konocti, followed by a return 3-mile swim. Warren completed the course in 4:31.

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SHULTON

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NOT QUITTING

Sir:

I was disappointed in the article *Look What's Up and About* (Sept. 8). Your offhand comment that the University of Dayton is one of three schools that "may yet throw in" can do a lot of harm to the revitalization program that is under way. My father, Ken Mosier, and Tom Pyper have spearheaded a local businessmen's committee to promote Dayton football. As a result, season-ticket sales are up 30%, an average of close to 11,000 people have paid to see the first three games (capacity 12,000), enthusiasm is high in the community and UD is anticipating an excellent year.

My father owns an industrial distributorship. Tom Pyper owns a beer and wine distributorship. Neither man is a UD graduate. Their only reward for devoting a lot of time and money to promote UD football is a continuing program.

K. C. MOSIER II

Dayton

Sir:

As the new athletic director at Boston University, I would like to update you relative to our football policy.

The Yankee Conference, of which BU is a member, has requested that all its teams be upgraded to NCAA Division I status. BU heartily endorsed this decision.

BU has now completed a $150,000 stadium renovation project. BU also has instituted a student activity policy whereby all full-time students have received an activity book enabling them to attend, without cost, all home athletic contests. Prior to this, students were charged for each game they attended. And we have upgraded our 1975 schedule to 11 games and added an intersectional contest with the University of Louisville for 1976.

As a former BU athlete, class of 1950, I saw enough evidence of a total commitment to football and athletics in general to encourage me to apply for and accept the post of athletic director. I can report to you in all honesty that the Boston University football situation is healthy.

JOHN B. SIMPSON

Boston

RISKS AND REWARDS

Sir:

As a former Yale football player who two years ago suffered a crippling knee injury that I have never fully recovered from, I was deeply moved by John M. Barry's article (*It's All a Part of the Game*, Oct. 6). Injuries, unfortunately, *are* a part of the game, but this in no way excuses cold indifference on the part of coaches toward injured players. I am grateful that I chose to attend an Ivy League school where I was treated as a person first and a player second. And I am proud that I played under a coaching staff (Carm Cozza *et al*.) that was concerned enough to visit me daily while I was in the hospital and that was interested in my welfare long after it was known that I would never play again.

STEVE WOODSUM

New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

I have never been so affected by an article. I went down as a junior in high school with what was diagnosed as a severely pinched nerve. After a brief rest, I returned and finished the game. With my nerve still bothering me, I later had X rays taken and discovered that I had risked serious injury (possibly paralysis) by playing with a crushed disk in my neck.

Now in my senior year in high school, I have been debating playing again, but your article made me realize it couldn't possibly be worth it.

BAAD A. MATTEA

Lakewood, Calif.

Sir:

I am a mother of five boys who is opposed to contact sports. The article came in very handy. Being a football hero is still the big deal in our schools. I look forward to the day when our educational system pours financial support into lifetime sports such as golf, tennis, track and swimming, which benefit youth and promote good sportsmanship much better than team sports.

CONSTANCE LYNCH

Haverhill, Mass.

Sir:

I played two years of club football (the club folded in my senior year) at Queens College, Flushing, N.Y., and most of the team played injured. The reason was not a lack of conditioning but a lack of players. Half the squad did not leave the field. But the questions remain: Why did we play, and why did we play hurt? The answers are that we loved the game and fully understood the chances we took. Where else could students at a commuter school like ours gain the same sense of brotherhood and

continued

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9 mg "tar" 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75

19TH HOLE *continued*

the feeling of helping one another? We received a lot of lumps, but to us it was worth it. It also was a lot of fun.

GEORGE J. CICHY

Brooklyn

WATKINS GLEN

Sir:

Folks down here Schuyler County way shore do owe Mr. Robert F. Jones one heap o' gratitude (*A Mix of Cool and Cornpone*, Oct. 6). Thanks to him, all us farm folk are now educated; had to spend the whole *Granpree* weekend leafin' through the pages of Mr. Webster's tome.

We now know, and it's as clear as the aroma from the chicken barn on a hot, wet morning, that this here Mr. Jones is the epitome of one intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity. Yessirree, Bob!

Incidentally, the rain didn't hurt the rhubarb. It's already been canned.

ALBERT D. RONDINARO
JACQUELINE P. RONDINARO

Watkins Glen

Sir:

I don't know how many U.S. Grand Prix races Robert Jones or Arnold Roth have been to, but they sure captured the mood. The article was one of the most enlightening and truthful about Watkins Glen that I have ever read. Also, being from the area, I would like to advise Mr. Jones to watch his driving far more closely in Millport than in Horseheads.

JIM LAZENBY

Horseheads, N.Y.

BELIEVE

Sir:

As a Tennessee alumnus and longtime football follower, I was offended that you would use a phrase like "believe it or not" in conjunction with the Vols' achievement as the winningest football team in the last 50 years (SCORECARD, Oct. 6). Most football fans are aware that General Robert Neyland built one of the best records of any college coach during a career that spanned four decades in Knoxville. I would add that in the last 10 years the Vols have finished in the Top 10 more times than not.

RANOY MOALEY

New Orleans

Sir:

The Vols are a very consistent team. What caused disbelief on my part was SI's failure to rank them in the preseason Top 20.

EDWARD C. GEORGE

Nashville

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